

My Favorite Camboy

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My Favorite Camboy

by [MilkWasTaken](#)

Summary

George is a male omega cat hybrid, who spends most of his days streaming himself getting off in front of his millions of followers. The alphas who watch him wants to be with him, and would do nearly anything to get to be the one who mates with him.

But George is unmated, and has no plans on letting any alpha change that. He enjoys being desired, untouchable. Someone almost everyone wants but no one can have.

That is, until a new viewer enters the chat.

Notes

Hi hello ! This is uhhh a long one so I'm gonna just do this intro quickly lmao

Basically if you haven't read my other abo/omegaverse fics, I tend to write with this concept of there being true mates which is basically a person's soulmate, and mating can only happen with one person.

Here's the rundown:

Omegas feel aroused and protected around their true alpha, in a much stronger sense than with any other alpha. During heats, if an omega has met their true alpha they will crave to be mated by them, and that alpha only.

Alphas will feel possessive and protective over their true omegas, even before they're mated.

Both omegas and alphas will feel their true mate has a better scent than anyone else. One that just Hits Right.

Mating happens through knotting along with a bite to the omega's neck, to show other alphas the omega has been mated.

Mating only happens with one person. Once an omega has been mated they can't mate with other alphas.

I think that's everything ! Hope you enjoy this story ! <3^^

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

George scoffed faintly, gaze resting on his live chat as it went by faster than the human eye could read. Catching a message that said 'show your ass!'

He was probably going to at some point in the stream, just not yet. His audience needed to deserve it first, butter him up before they'd get to that point.

The sound of a donation coming through made his gaze shift down the screen, reading it silently to himself before speaking.

"Thanks, gnf's juicy--"

He paused, scoffing as he read the last part of the dono's name,

"--ass, for the fifty dollar donation."

He finished, adjusting slightly where he sat. Not actually reading the donation itself out as it only asked him to meow.

That was one of the rules his regular viewers knew very well by now, he does not meow.

He hummed along softly to the lofi music he had playing in the background, watching with a somewhat unbothered expression as a few other donations came through, all below fifty dollars. He rarely even paid any attention to those, which was another thing his regular viewers knew about. Anything below fifty dollars wasn't really worth his attention.

But then, it seemed like some of his regulars liked to donate that amount despite knowing they'd get ignored. Almost as if it was some sort of turn on for them, to get ignored by George.

He had a bit of that air about him, seeming untouchable to pretty much anyone. He wasn't even mated, he'd never allowed an alpha to put their knot inside of him. That alone seemed to be a huge turn on for his audience, and he knew there were thousands who had it as their biggest fantasy to be the one who'd get to mate with him, put their knot inside of him.

George leaned back slightly from his computer, flashing his big eyes to the camera as he tilted his head down. Fully aware of every little expression he did as he kept glancing at his own reflection in the viewfinder at the top right of the screen. Making sure he always looked good, his hair was the exact right amount of messy, and he was perfectly in frame.

His pointy cat ears flicked and folded slightly as he saw another rather annoying donation, making him look away as he simply ignored it. Pulling one leg up to hug to his chest where he sat. Sighing softly as he rested his cheek against it.

He then heard the familiar ding that signaled he'd gotten a bigger donation, making his ears perk up before he looked to the screen again. Finding the familiar little animated cat dancing with money raining over it at the bottom of the screen, right above a message that read,

'\$100 donation by Dream: hi'

George scoffed lightly, finding the message to be a bit of a waste of money.

"Hi."

He said back, then resumed with his humming as he tipped his head slightly to the side. Reading a few messages in his chat.

He watched a sea of regular viewers get amazed at his rudeness, the way he barely seemed bothered by such a large amount of money. But he also caught a few who were clearly new to his streams, going,

'He's so rude'

'No "thank you"?''

'ungrateful streamer. bye'

A small smile danced on his lips as he read it, still feeling proud of the way he'd responded to a big donation like that. It was part of his brand, and the ones who watched him regularly knew this well.

His gaze followed one of the rude messages, watching one of his mods delete it. Almost making him scoff as he held that smug little smile.

The ding signaling a larger donation then came through once more, and George's gaze flickered over to look at it.

'\$200 donation by Dream: say my name'

'Dream'.. he'd never seen that name in his chat before. At least not from what he could remember. But with his big donations, he felt like he'd remember seeing him before.

George's tail perked up excitedly behind him as he leaned forward slightly, reading out,

"Two hundred dollar donation by Dream. 'Say my name'.. alright, Dream."

He said, mocking the name slightly. He then wet his lips, leaning close to the mic he had on his desk. He'd placed it just so it would be out of frame, and as he leaned close his audience got a good close up of his face.

He then looked up through his lashes, right into the camera with big eyes.

"Dream."

He spoke, trying to sound seductive. Feeling like he'd done quite well at it as well, which made him giggle as he leaned back again. A soft blush creeping up on his cheeks.

No matter how many times he did suggestive things on camera, he still had moments where he felt flustered from it. This was strange, though. He'd never felt flustered from just saying someone's name before.

His gaze immediately went to his chat as he pulled his knee close to his chest, his thumb brushing against his bottom lip as a small, flustered smile rested there. Reading messages from people who thought it was hot, but also seeing a whole sea of jealous alphas who wanted him to say their names instead. Some were even pleading for it in the chat as if he'd read it out loud without even being paid for it.

It made him giggle as he moved his hand to rub his cheek. Sighing softly as he let the lofi music

fill the silence. Basking in all of the messages from people wanting him.

“If you want me to say your names you need to make a donation. Maybe I’ll say it. Maybe I won’t. We don’t know.”

George said as he kept seeing the messages begging for it, deciding to taunt his audience. Giving a small, innocent shrug to go with his words.

He caught a few more messages just then, expressing excitement about the fact that he actually reads his chat. Making him scoff as he shook his head, gaze shifting away from it.

A few minutes went by and George kept getting smaller donations asking him to say their names. A whole bunch of them below \$20, something he simply ignored as he hummed along to the music.

He found himself wondering in that moment if Dream was still watching, if he’d donate any more money. He’d left the biggest donations for the night so far, and he couldn’t help but want more of it.

Right as he thought about it, he heard the familiar ding again.

His ears immediately perked up as his gaze snapped over to the bottom of the screen. Seeing the small animated cat dancing happily as it was showered in money, right above the text that read,

‘\$500 donation by Dream: now moan it.’

George’s lips parted, his blood rushing south. That was a really big donation, meaning whoever this ‘Dream’ guy was, he might be pretty loaded.

His gaze flickered shyly before he read the donation out loud,

“Now... moan it?”

He looked at the camera for a split second, feeling like he was looking right at Dream. It made him avert his gaze immediately as he bit down on his bottom lip, trying to suppress a big smile from blossoming across his lips.

He then leaned close to the mic, feeling his cheeks getting warmer. Parting his lips before moaning,

“It..”

A big smile spread across his lips, feeling both proud of how insanely hot that moan had sounded, but also amused by his own humor in the situation.

He knew what Dream had actually meant by that, but he couldn't help but mess with him.

He saw the chat go crazy after his moan, seeing more people get turned on by it rather than finding it funny.

He laughed as he leaned back, his heart thumping in his chest from the thrill of it all.

It didn't take long before he got another big donation, lighting up his eyes as his gaze snapped over to the bottom of the screen. Looking at the dancing cat before reading,

‘\$500 donation by Dream: moan my name, idiot.’

George cracked a big smile as he saw Dream's new donation, shifting a bit in his seat as he exhaled a slightly unsteady breath. This Dream guy really must be someone rich, this was insane.

It was really turning him on. Thinking about this rich guy watching him somewhere, maybe with his hand around his dick. Probably an alpha. Big, tall and strong. Big hand stroking himself as he had found his cam show just to get off. And he'd clicked on his stream cause he thought he was pretty enough to get off to.

It made his cheeks heat up just thinking about, his dick stirring slightly below the fabric of his oversized sweater.

He was only wearing a big, light pink sweater and a pair of white thigh high socks, sat in his baby blue gaming chair with two large monitors on the desk in front of it.

“Another big donation by Dream...”

George said, running his bottom lip between his teeth.

“Thanks, Dream.”

He then said, really liking the way the name tasted on his tongue.

Which made him almost excited as he leaned forward, parting his lips as he got close to the mic.

He then let out the most pornographic moan he could muster, along with,

“Dream...”

His brows raising slightly in a needy expression. Making the name sound like a needy plea.

He was starting to really get turned on himself at this point, and listening to the moan he’d just given out only added fuel to the fire.

He leaned back again, reveling in the response from his chat. They were showering him with praise, and even more donations came through with pleas for him to moan their names, too.

But he didn’t take any of them up on it. Not even when a guy donated \$100. The only person he wanted to take orders from was Dream.

He shifted a bit more in his seat, feeling some slick start to pool right by his ass. It made him give out a flustered sound as the blush on his cheeks grew a bit stronger. The image of Dream being some big alpha with his hand around his dick at the very front of his mind.

It made him arch his back slightly, pushing his chest up. Wetting his lips as his gaze flickered. Contemplating for a moment if he should reach for his box of sex toys, find the largest one and give his audience a real show.

He hadn’t exactly planned on it, he was mostly just going for a chill stream that day. Maybe a bit of fingering if they were lucky, if they earned it.

But this whole thing was riling him up, making him thirsty for an actual alpha cock. His mouth watering just thinking about it.

His head turned to the side as his gaze started searching, finding the shut drawer where he kept all his toys. Dragging his bottom lip between his teeth as he contemplated it for a moment. Feeling a pulsating need by his hole, wanting to be filled up and impregnated.

He huffed softly, feeling flustered over the fact that he was even thinking about it.

Right in that moment, his ears perked up as he heard the sound of another big donation coming through, making him look at the screen almost immediately. Gaze falling onto the message, catching Dream’s name there.

He felt excitement through his entire body, trying not to seem too eager as he leaned forward to read it.

‘\$10 000 donation by Dream: I wanna record a video with you’

George's breath hitched at the donation amount, his eyes sparkling at the sight. A soft whine escaping him as he spread his legs in a needy manner. Precum now leaking from the tip of his dick as more slick gushed out of him.

"Dream.."

He whined softly, his head spinning from the amount of money he'd been given. His chat filled with jealous alphas over the attention this Dream guy was getting.

George pushed the palm of his hand against his forehead, feeling flustered, overwhelmed. Staring at the insane amount of money until it disappeared off the screen. His gaze shifting up to look right into the camera.

"Dm me, Dream."

He got out, his heart thumping in his chest as he got excited over the whole idea.

He never took requests from fans like this. He'd done collaborations with a few other pornstars and cam boys, all alphas who he'd barely allowed to touch his body as he kept this innocent, untouched air about him. The most he'd done was a blowjob, but that was pretty long ago at this point. He preferred doing the solo streams, get all the attention for himself.

But this Dream guy intrigued him, for some reason. Maybe it was the insane amounts of money he kept throwing at him, but George felt like this request was something he'd might be willing to give a shot.

He went to check his dm's, struggling to find Dream's message for a moment as there were already tons of fake accounts made named,

'Drem'

'Drema'

'Dreem'

'Dreamwastaken'

'Dream1'

'DDream'

All names similar to 'Dream'. Clearly a whole bunch of people wanted to take this offer he'd made. But George soon found the real Dream, and opened his message in a new tab. Ignoring his chat that was desperate for his attention as he read Dream's message,

'You wanna do it?'

‘Are you an alpha?’

George wrote back after a moment of contemplation.

‘Yeah.’

Dream answered fairly quickly.

George was pleased with his answer, adding to the images he already had of Dream in his head.

‘Are you big?’

He bit his bottom lip as he sent the message, glancing over at his chat to see the absolute jealousy going on there. Some dude named ‘YourTrueAlpha’ was even trying to send a bunch of donations begging for his attention.

George’s gaze flickered back to his private chat with Dream, finding he’d replied.

‘Yeah.’

George huffed, bothered by the lack of proof.

‘Send me a picture’

He drew a breath as he sat back slightly after sending that message. His hand going down to absentmindedly run through the black fur of his tail, running all the way to the tip where there was a tuft of white. He felt tingles running up his spine every time he ran his hand through it, since his tail was so sensitive.

It made him give out a faint sound, tipping his head to the side.

His gaze flickered between his stream and the chat with Dream. Impatiently waiting, until finally, a picture appeared.

George drew a sharp breath, seeing a fully erect, large dick with a large hand wrapped around it. The length itself was sticking out of a pair of zipped up dress pants. Ones you’d wear with a suit.

Was this some sort of rich, alpha business man?

And he's big? With big, nice hands?

Did he just win the jackpot at a lottery, or something?

George's breathing quickened as he looked at the picture. A small, flustered sound escaping him at the sight of it. Feeling slick gushing out of him as he stared with parted lips and burning cheeks. He felt more than excited to meet this guy, possibly wrap his lips around the tip of that dick. His gaze taking in the veins along the sides of it, wanting to lightly trace them with his fingers, then feel them against his tongue.

And he knew Dream was watching his reaction to all of this, as well. Could maybe even pick up on the way his blush darkened at the sight of it. The way he shifted in his seat with another small, needy sound escaping him.

But George knew Dream couldn't see how he dipped his hand below the frame, rubbing it along his thigh as he felt impatiently hard. Rutting up against the fabric of his oversized sweater, smearing some precum against the inside of it.

But as he started impatiently bouncing in his seat, his audience began to pick up on it. Throwing demands to see more, wanting to watch him touch himself.

George bit back another flustered sound as he glanced at his private chat with Dream.

'Look at how needy you look. You're blushing.'

'Are you that thirsty for my dick, George? Such a little slut'

Dream had written to him, having watched his reaction. Making George whine as he read his message, biting down on his bottom lip.

'How tall are you?'

He asked, wanting to get through all the questions he had before agreeing to seeing this guy. Trying not to get sidetracked.

'6'3.'

He moaned as he read Dream's response, his hand moving to wrap around his dick, eyes falling shut as he couldn't hold back from stroking himself any longer. That right there did it for him. His head tipping back as he rubbed the tip with his thumb, teasing it

as more precum came out.

Dream's tall. Of course he's tall. The images that started appearing in George's head was driving him insane. This faceless, big alpha grabbing him, lifting him up and pushing him against a wall. Driving that dick so far up inside of him it would bulge out at the front of his belly. He'd then plant his seed there, knot him so deep he'd leave him pregnant with a whole litter.

George rocked up into his own hand as he basically cried out at his own fantasy. Turning his head to bury his face into his palm, his tail wrapping around his wrist as his ears flicked softly. The sound of people sending in constant donations pushing him even further towards the edge.

One of his biggest turns ons was money. And his regular viewers were well aware of this, which is why they'd always spam him with donations when he was getting off. Trying to turn him on even more by showering him with money.

But it didn't do nearly as much for him as the very idea of being knotted by Dream.

Which, of course, wasn't something he actually wanted. It was just stuff he'd fantasize about, but he was never actually gonna mate with anyone. That was one of his rules.

It didn't stop him from fantasizing, though. And as he did, he began to instinctively, softly moan out,

"Dream, Dream--"

His cheeks growing hotter as he listened to the neediness in his own voice, the desperation in his moans.

He heard a soft ding, indicating a new message from Dream. And just thinking about how Dream was watching him in that very moment pushed George over the edge, coming into his own hand, his lips parting as his head tipped back.

As soon as he'd calmed down from his intense orgasm, George opened his eyes to find the chat filled with praises from needy alphas. Almost all of them feeling an intense need to be with him and soothe him afterwards. Take care of him.

His eyelids felt heavy as exhaustion weighed on him, gaze flickering to his chat with Dream.

'You look so pretty, George.'

‘You’ll look even prettier with my dick down your throat’

George exhaled a shaky breath, needing to swallow at just the thought of having that big thing down his throat. He’d most definitely choke, it could maybe even be a health risk.

He couldn’t wait.

He moved his hand without cum on it and sent off a copy paste text with all the rules and guidelines for making a video with him.

He then added,

‘Here’s my conditions, send me your address if you’re willing to agree to these terms.’

He then exited the chat, knowing it would take him a moment to read through it all.

His gaze then moved to the camera, as he moved his cum drenched hand up to his mouth. His tongue sticking out, whilst he moved his other hand to place over the ‘end stream’ button. He then held his gaze locked on the camera as he held a teasing smile on his lips.

“Should I do it? Should I actually lick it? Type one in the chat if I should lick it.”

He asked his viewers, teasing them as he held his tongue close to the milky white liquid.

The chat exploded with a sea of ‘1’, along with people telling him to lick it, all of them wanting to see it. Making George giggle,

“Okay, if you say so.”

He said, pressing the end stream button right as he was about to lick it.

Then, the stream ended and he pulled his hand away from his face. Laughing as he pictured all the disappointed alphas watching the stream and having it end like that.

He then opened up his chat with Dream again, finding he’d sent a new message.

He’d sent an address, in a nice area too. Along with the message,

‘Wednesday, eight pm. Don’t be late, George.’

He gave out an excited giggle, feeling excitement rushing through him.

Wednesday. That was four days away.

He couldn't wait for Wednesday.

.

George woke up the next day, yawning softly as he stretched his arms above his head. His ears flickering softly as he heard sounds of traffic and human life outside, despite his apartment being many floors up in the sky. His hypersensitive hearing was something that came along with being a hybrid.

He glanced around, finding he'd forgotten to draw the blinds all the way the previous night. Now the sun was pushing its way into his room, making him squint at the abrasive light.

Turning his back to it, he grabbed his phone. The screen lighting up with a whole bunch of missed messages and calls. His brows knit as he scrolled through it, finding the majority came from his manager.

Or, well, the person who was the closest thing he had to a manager. He was mostly self made, did a lot on his own, but he still needed someone to speak to brands, sponsorships and manage some ends of his career that he wasn't as good at.

He swiped to read the messages,

'George.'

'Call me.'

'CALL ME NOW'

'Hello?'

'ANSWER MEEE'

'Don't tell me you're still asleep'

'George this is important!! Call me!!'

George rolled his eyes at the messages, finding they'd been accompanied by many missed calls. He knew it wasn't any sort of actual emergency, his manager just tends to be overdramatic.

So, he took his sweet time getting out of bed, stretching his arms above his head once his feet were

on the ground. His tail perking up, softly brushing against his back.

He then went to the bathroom, where he took his sweet time getting ready. He then went back to his bedroom to find he'd missed one more call from his manager. He sighed softly, shaking his head but deciding perhaps it was time to stop torturing his manager.

So, he hit the call button then put it on speaker phone. Walking to the kitchen to get himself some water as it rang.

It didn't take long before his manager responded with,

"George! Where the hell have you been?!"

George scoffed at the tone of his voice, keeping a much calmer tone as he said,

"What do you want, Sapnap?"

"Tell me why you haven't answered any of my calls!"

"I was asleep."

"It's two pm, George!"

George gave a faint shrug despite his manager not being able to see it. With his line of work it didn't exactly matter when he gets up, so why should he follow any sort of 'proper' sleep schedule?

"What do you want?"

He mumbled, taking a sip from his water.

"We need to talk about your stream from yesterday."

"What about it?"

"You set up a whole meetup with some random guy, without even consulting me! Do you even know the first thing about him? What he looks like?"

“I know what his dick looks like.”

“George! That’s fucking disgusting- I’m being serious!”

George scoffed, placing his water cup down on the kitchen counter as he wet his lips.

“Sapnap. It’s not a big deal.”

“What do you mean it’s not a big deal? What if he’s some type of psycho serial killer?”

“Then I’ll leave.”

George mumbled casually, adding a shrug to his words.

“You’re such a dumbass, George.”

“What do you want me to say, then?”

“I don’t know, say you won’t go see him.”

He huffed, staring at the kitchen counter. Feeling like he was speaking to a parent who didn’t want him to go on some date with some boy.

“I’m going to meet up with him, Sapnap.”

He mumbled after a moment of silence.

“I sent him the terms and conditions, he knows the rules. I’m going to do this.”

“Can’t you guys do some type of... e-sex thing instead? Have him join your stream on discord or something?”

George grimaced,

“What? No. That sounds... weird.”

“I think it could be pretty hot. I haven’t seen anything like that before.”

George huffed,

“Oh yeah, of course you’d want to watch that.”

“What? I wasn’t talking about me, dumbass! I’d never watch your streams. I mean your audience. They’re freaks, they’d like it.”

Sapnap said, something defensive lingering in his tone.

George faintly rolled his eyes, giving a slight scoff at the suggested concept.

“Whatever, I’m not... doing that.”

“Fine. Be a dumbass, then.”

George huffed, pushing his hair out of his face,

“I’m not a dumbass.”

He mumbled.

“But I mean it, George. You don’t know this guy’s intentions. Especially if he’s an alpha, it’s like walking into a lion’s den.”

George lightly rolled his eyes once more, something his manager couldn’t see.

“It’ll be fine, Sapnap. It’s not like it’s the first time I’ve done something like this.”

He heard Sapnap sigh on the other end of their phone call. He then muttered,

“Whatever, George. Do whatever you want. But if he mates with you and I’m out of a job, I’m suing both of you.”

George scoffed at his words, finding them to be nothing but empty threats.

Sure, it would be bad for him if George got mated. It would be a big loss in content for George, as a lot of his audience are people who stick around for the fact that he's unmated. But it's not like he was gonna let this alpha mate with him. He had no plans to mate with anyone.

"Don't worry, Sapnap. I'm not mating with him."

"So when are you guys meeting up, then?"

"Wednesday."

"Alright, tell him to come meet at my office instead."

George pulled a slightly confused expression,

"Why?"

"We need to make sure he's not some creep or weirdo. He also needs to sign a contract saying he won't mate with you."

George groaned, once again feeling like he was speaking to a parent.

"Sapnap..."

He whined.

"These are the rules, George. It's just like every other time you've recorded a video with someone. We need to have a meeting with them first."

George sighed, looking over at his kitchen window. His tail whipping in a slightly displeased manner. Feeling annoyed, bothered. Going through the legal bits of making porn with someone is the most boring part of it.

"George? Are you gonna tell him about the change of plans?"

George rolled his eyes,

“Yes.”

.

George groaned as he tipped his head back, feeling nervous. For some reason he felt more nervous about this meeting than any previous ones. This felt... different.

Maybe it had been all the money donated to him, or the picture of the alpha's hand and that mouth watering length his fingers were wrapped around.. he wasn't sure what it was, but he didn't wanna let this one slip through his fingers.

He glanced at his manager, finding he was checking to see he had all the right documents with him for the contract. It felt a bit ridiculous, how a guy was about to sign a contract to have a sexual encounter with him.

George's gaze shifted to the papers in Sapnap's hands, realizing he didn't know much of what was in the fine print of those. He'd mostly let Sapnap handle all of that, whilst he focused more on the fun bits of his career.

A sudden knock on the door to the conference room they were sat in startled George slightly, his tail perking up curiously as his ears went sharp, trying to listen for the stranger outside of that door.

“Come in.”

Sapnap called out, and the door opened.

And there he stood, looking even taller than George had expected him to be. Dressed in a suit, dirty blonde hair, very alpha-like.

He was... hotter than he'd expected.

Just looking at him made George huff softly, averting his gaze as he felt his face heat up the moment the alpha looked at him. His gaze was quite intense, as well. Green, piercing eyes.

“Hello.”

The alpha said, making a small wave with those hands George instantly recognized from the picture he'd been sent. The reminder making him grow even hotter, realization setting in that this really was the guy who he'd been in contact with during his stream, who'd sent him that picture.

His gaze dipped to his pants just then, his lips parting as he thought about the picture he'd seen. Catching himself staring, he turned his head away instantly, fixing his gaze on Sapnap instead.

“Hi, you’re Dream, right?”

Sapnap said as he stood up to shake his hand.

“Uh, yeah! That’s me.”

Dream said, getting close enough to shake Sapnap’s hand. His alpha pheromones hitting George as he approached.

George blinked, feeling his blood rush south as if a blood magnet had been placed by his crotch, right as he was hit by that scent.

He could already feel how it started making his brain foggy, his body going all warm.

The scent was very pleasant, carrying a strangely comforting warmth to it. It also carried some sort of woody, musky undertones which hugged his entire being.

This was new to him, as one of the biggest reasons he rarely ever met up with and filmed with alphas was because their scents were often really bad. And then that scent would cling to him and linger for days since they often tried to imprint on him whilst they were together.

But this scent was nothing like the ones he’d come across before. This was a scent he almost wanted to have cling to him, he’d be happy if he still felt this lingering after they’ve recorded that video together.

And there was something strangely familiar about the scent that he just couldn’t put his finger on.

“George?”

He was snapped out of his thoughts by his manager saying his name, making him look at Sapnap with a slightly disoriented gaze.

“What?”

He mumbled, gaze flickering to Dream to find the alpha had taken a seat by the conference table right across from him. That gaze intense as he accidentally locked eyes with him once again.

“You didn’t say anything, just making sure you’re with us.”

Sapnap mumbled, before turning to Dream again, his hands going to the papers in front of him.

“So, how old are you, Dream?”

He asked, grabbing a pen after turning one of the pages of the contract he had in front of him.

“Uhh, twenty six. Turning twenty seven in a few months.”

Dream answered, clasping his hands together as he placed them on the table, sitting in a quite dominant position.

Sapnap nodded, shooting a quick glance at George as if checking if he was okay with his age.

George didn't mind it, seemed like the alpha was a few years older than him, but not by a lot. It was also good to hear he wasn't underage or anything.

“Do you have an id or something to prove this?”

Sapnap then asked, to which Dream nodded as he moved one hand to dig into his pants pocket, fishing out his black leather wallet that he opened to take out his id.

George looked at the thick wallet, feeling his mouth watering slightly at the sight. Remembering the big donations he'd received just a few days ago.

Dream handed the id to Sapnap, allowing him to read it before giving it back to the alpha. Seeming pleased with the validity.

“And you're an alpha, right?”

Sapnap asked as Dream pocketed his wallet again.

Dream gave a slight laugh, as if it was painfully obvious. Throwing a glance at George who shifted a bit where he sat. The omega feeling his strong alpha pheromones hugging his entire body, making him feel a bit flustered.

“Yeah.”

Dream answered, his gaze returning to Sapnap.

George looked at the table, wetting his lips as he tried to clear his head from the strong pheromones coming off the alpha. Pushing some hair out of his face as he let out a soft huff.

“Alright. So, what's your reason for contacting George?”

Sapnap then asked, throwing a glance at the contract below his hands before looking back up at the alpha again.

Dream's gaze flickered to the omega.

“I wanna record with him.”

“And why do you wanna do that?”

Dream cracked a slight smile,

“I don’t know, I guess I’m curious. He’s... interesting. I’ve never seen a hybrid before, and I think he’s... pretty.”

Sapnap gave a slight scoff, almost making George roll his eyes. He knew this was the last thing he wanted to do during his employment with him, listening to alphas thirsting for the hybrid. But as his manager, he sort of had to suck it up and do it.

And there was a small part of George who was amused by torturing him like this, knowing how much it annoyed him. Especially since he’s a beta and doesn’t quite relate to the animalistic desires of omegas and alphas.

“Okay, and you’re not carrying any ulterior motives like wanting fame or anything like that?”

Sapnap asked, making Dream give another laugh as he shook his head.

“No. I mean if anything, I’d actually like my face and identity to be excluded from the actual recording as much as possible.”

Sapnap nodded, making a small note on a separate notepad. He then flipped to the next page of the contract, looking back up at Dream.

“So, you read the terms and conditions, right? You know the list of rules? No kissing, no hickeys or bite marks, all of that.”

Dream nodded,

“Yeah.”

“Any thoughts?”

Sapnap asked, sitting ready with his pen.

“I mean, no? Not really. Seems reasonable, fair.”

George exhaled faintly as he listened to Dream's voice. It was deep but not too deep, a comforting warmth to it that really matched well with his scent. It was so... dreamy, with a lack of a better word. Perhaps that's where he got his name from.

George felt like he could listen to him talk about anything, forever.

"And you don't have any issues with the mating demands?"

Sapnap asked, flipping to the right page in the contract just in case he'd have to go over it with him.

"You mean the lack of mating demands?"

Sapnap gave a slight shrug with his right shoulder,

"Yeah, you could put it like that."

"It's fine by me."

Dream said casually, glancing at the omega.

George felt his heart sink slightly just then. Sure, it was great that Dream was respectful of his boundaries and demands, they wouldn't have been able to do this if he weren't. But it almost bothered him a bit just how fine he seemed to be with it. He was so used to being desired to the point of people begging to be with him, throwing money at him blindly just to get a chance to be the one who'd get to put their knot in him.

It bothered him meeting someone who wasn't expressing that same desperate desire. He couldn't help but want to get that same reaction from him.

"And the payment? You're fine with him taking one hundred percent of the profit of whatever video or stream the two of you create together?"

Sapnap said, faintly reading off of a line in the contract before looking up at the alpha, watching him nod.

"Sure."

"Alright... do you have any demands of your own you want to discuss?"

Sapnap then asked, preparing the contract for him to sign.

Dream sat back, seemingly taking his time to contemplate the question. One of his hands placed on the table as he leaned back in his seat.

George glanced at his hand, feeling hot just looking at it. Watching how he started tapping with his fingers as he was thinking, the sound filling up the silence in the room. George's gaze then raised to his face, wondering what went on in there just then.

After a drawn out moment of contemplation, Dream finally looked at Sapnap.

"I wanna be the only person he records with. That's my demand."

"You mean as of now, or...?"

"Forever."

George couldn't stop the smile that forced itself onto his lips, making him look away as he huffed softly.

So he's possessive?

Perfect.

"Okay... you want that in the contract, or..?"

Sapnap asked, making Dream look over at George as he said,

"No, just his word."

George looked at Dream, locking gazes with him. A hot rush going through him, settling on his cheeks.

"What if I don't want to?"

He mumbled, teasingly.

"Then I'm not recording with you."

George's brows raised, finding himself in a strange position. It's supposed to be Dream who wants to record with him, not the other way around.

George scoffed, shifting slightly where he sat as he felt a strong breeze of that alpha scent just then.

The pheromones making him feel all hot and tingly.

It's strange, he's met many other alphas before but he never takes notice of their scents this way. Dream's pheromones are much stronger than what he's used to. It made his brain foggy, licking his lips as his gaze dipped to the table. His ears softening, lips parting. Bowing his head slightly in a submissive gesture.

"Alright, fine."

He mumbled, glancing up at Dream through his lashes,

"I'm all yours, Dream."

George caught something dark in Dream's gaze just then, right before it dipped to his lips. The alpha looking pleased with his words.

It drove tingles down George's spine, making him draw a slightly unsteady breath before wetting his lips.

A tension became quite evident in the room just then, making Sapnap clear his throat as he began to scramble with the contract.

"Okay, just sign here, then."

He said, placing his pen on top of the contract before pushing it over to Dream.

"And remember, this relationship is strictly business, you don't actually have a claim on the omega or anything he does. Outside of you two filming, he has no obligation to you whatsoever."

Sapnap said as Dream looked at the contract, spinning the pen between his fingers as he took his time reading through it.

"Are you mated, Dream?"

George then asked, as it was just about the only question he had.

"No."

Dream mumbled, throwing a quick glance at him.

"Why not?"

George asked, feeling happy about his response.

"Why aren't you?"

Dream asked, turning the question on him.

George scoffed, gaze falling onto his hand as he worked that pen between his fingers.

It took a while for Dream to read through everything, but once he'd finally finished he put the pen to the paper and signed his name at the bottom of the forth page. He then looked at Sapnap,

"Is that it?"

Sapnap nodded, getting the contract back from him.

"Are you free tomorrow, Dream?"

George asked, watching the alpha stand up from his seat. Once again showing just how tall he was.

"Uhh, yeah. I should be."

"Wanna record then?"

"Sure."

George had to bite back a smile, averting his gaze from Dream as he fixed his hair slightly. Suddenly worrying if it looked good or not.

"I'll send you my address. Be there at eight, George. Not any later."

George scoffed at Dream's words, glancing at him,

"Okay, Dream."

He mumbled, catching a small smile from the alpha before he turned to leave.

"What a weird freak. He can't claim you 'forever', what the hell was that about?"

Sapnap said once the two of them were alone. Making George scoff faintly as he looked at the table, drawing invisible circles on the surface with his finger.

“I don’t know.”

He mumbled, secretly loving it himself.

He didn’t mind a possessive alpha. It would make him even happier if he was a jealous one. That stuff turns him on more than he wants to admit.

“Good thing he didn’t put it into the contract.”

Sapnap mumbled, checking the signature Dream had left. He then laughed,

“Look at his signature, George.”

George leaned over to look, seeing he’d written ‘DREAM’ in cursive, with a smiley next to it. He huffed, leaning back in his seat again.

What an interesting individual.

.

George looked up at the huge building in front of him, adjusting the heavy bag of equipment hanging from his shoulder.

It was Wednesday, five minutes before eight. George was right outside the building where Dream said they’d meet up, but right before walking in he stopped.

He put his bottom lip between his teeth, feeling a rush of excitement as he pulled his phone out once again to check the time.

It was four minutes before they should meet up. Dream wanted him inside the building at eight, not one minute later.

So, George decided he was gonna be late.

He spent a moment texting Sapnap, telling him he’d arrived at the location safely. But once that text had been sent he found it difficult to find something else that could occupy him for a few more minutes, as he already felt eager to walk in there.

He was so excited to see Dream again, to stand in front of the tall alpha and feel so small next to him. He couldn’t wait for Dream to tower over him and whisper all kinds of filthy words next to his ear.

He hoped he was the type to call him things, the way he did in that message when he called him a slut. Just the thought of a tall alpha calling him filthy names like that made him feel dizzy.

It was hard for him to stand still as he thought about it, his tail perked up with a slight bend at the very tip of it from the excitement he felt.

He looked at his phone again, seeing it was eight on the dot.

He bit back a giggle, glancing up at the building. He couldn't wait to see Dream's reaction to him being late. Would he want to punish him for it?

His gaze dropped to the ground as his mind began to wander with the possibilities, having a big, tall alpha with those big hands spanking him. Maybe he'd hold him against a wall, pin his wrists above his head as he'd spank him with his other hand.

He drew a breath, accidentally letting out a faint sound that was close to a moan. His toes curling inside of his shoes at just the thought of the alpha punishing him.

He looked at the time again.

Two minutes past eight.

God, does time always move this slow?

He paced back and forth for a moment, his tail flicking behind him as it blindly felt around the air surrounding him.

He wasn't just gonna be late cause he wanted Dream to get mad at him, he also felt it was important he backtracks a bit, seem less excited about this.

Dream had literally witnessed him getting off to the very idea of them meeting up, he really needed to make sure he's not too eager from this point.

It's so unlike him, as well. He's usually very particular with seeming unbothered and unaffected by most things. It's usually others who whimper at the mere thought of getting to be with him, not the opposite.

George sighed softly, trying to calm his fast beating heart as he glanced up at the building once again.

He then looked at the time, seeing it finally tick over to five minutes past eight.

That should be enough. He couldn't take any longer than that.

He took a few quick strides towards the building, reaching the front entrance in a split moment. His gaze running over the names of the residents before he found Dream. What a strange name, and no last name listed, either.

George moved his finger to the small display next to all the names and numbers, typing in the number that was connected to Dream's name.

He then waited as it rang, excitement and nerves rushing through him as he listened to the sound.

Then, a small buzz was heard, followed by a click. Indicating the door had been opened.

And so, George opened it, and walked inside.

There was something extra exciting about pressing the very top floor out of seventy floors. Something made him feel slightly faint just thinking about how rich this Dream guy must be to live at the very top. It made him shift slightly as the elevator took him up the floors, feeling all hot and bothered. And he hadn't even met up with him yet.

He had to find some way to calm himself down, it would be beyond embarrassing if he comes the moment Dream simply puts his hands on him. Would be an awful video, too.

The elevator dinged softly as he reached the top floor, the doors parting in front of him.

He swallowed down some of his nerves, taking a calming breath as he tried to put on a neutral, unbothered front.

He then stepped out, walking over to the door that had Dream's name on it.

His hand was slightly unsteady as he reached up to knock, his heart beating fast in his chest as his ears flickered, trying to pick up on any sound on the other side of the door.

He was one of the very few people in the world who's a hybrid, and he often takes advantage of the extra sensitive hearing that comes with it, that not many others have.

In this instance, he could quite clearly hear footsteps approaching the door from inside the apartment. Giving him time to fix his hair and put on a neutral expression.

The door then opened, and George's gaze immediately snapped up to look at the tall alpha in front of him. His lips parting as his breath was stolen for a moment.

Those green eyes were looking right at him, and he almost seemed taller than George had remembered. He'd fantasized about it, but it still sort of blew him away actually standing in front of him and have the alpha already tower over him.

And the strong alpha scent that hit him as he opened the door was already making his brain foggy. Only a day had passed since he last felt it, but he was hit right then by how much he'd missed that scent already. It was so comforting and nice. Holding a slight spicy tint to it as he stood in front of him this time.

But it was still the type of scent he wanted to just lean into, bury his face into. Shower in, even. Make his entire body smell of it, and have everyone he meets feel hit by it and immediately know he's been claimed by an alpha. By this alpha in particular.

"You're late."

George was snapped out of his thoughts by Dream's words. Immediately getting reminded of how nice his voice was, as well.

"Am I?"

George responded, looking up at him through his lashes.

Dream's gaze traveled down his body, making him feel almost naked under his intense stare. The alpha clearly sizing him up and taking in all of him.

Dream then stepped to the side,

"Don't be late ever again, George."

He mumbled, a warning behind his words. Making a blush form on George's cheeks, a need to find out what that warning meant at the pit of his stomach.

He stepped inside the apartment, walking in as Dream shut the door behind him.

"Take off your shoes."

Dream mumbled as he locked the door behind them.

George put his bag down before bending down to undo his shoelaces, pretty much folding himself over as he pushed his ass up in the air. Having picked those shoes in particular so he could bend down in front of the alpha. Tease him a little bit, just for fun.

His tail raised up as he felt the alpha's gaze on him, instinctively presenting his entrance for him.

George had been brave to come over there wearing nothing but thigh high, white socks and an oversized, baby pink sweater. Along with a pink choker around his neck. Skipping out on underwear was a very brave choice, which now made a hot thrill shoot through him as he wiggled his ass in the air slightly, feeling the fabric of his sweater ride up and expose some of his ass to the alpha.

He heard Dream clear his throat before he walked past him, but he could feel in his scent that he got a bit aroused just then. A saltier tint peeking through, making George's face feel all warm.

He also took notice of Dream's feet just then, his eyes widening slightly as he caught sight of them.

He'd never seen such big feet before, it made him feel slightly faint.

He also took notice of how he was still wearing his shoes despite making George remove his. They were black and looked big enough to make George wonder if they'd been custom made just to fit his size.

Having undone his laces, George stood up and stepped out of his shoes entirely. Glancing up to see Dream walking over to a sofa in the next room, before sitting down with a sigh.

George grabbed his bag with equipment before walking after the alpha, glancing around the living room as he entered it.

The lighting was pretty dim, the living room large and minimalistic in style. It was very modern looking, clearly a quite expensive place.

There were large windows on the wall a few feet behind the sofa, giving a gorgeous view of the city below.

George wet his lips, trying to seem unbothered and casual as he looked around. Stopping next to the sofa, his gaze landing on Dream.

The alpha was sat there with his legs spread wide, one of his hands moving to unbutton his suit jacket. His hands looking unfairly hot, making George feel slightly mesmerized as he watched them.

"So, you wanna talk first, or something? Get to know each other?"

Dream asked as he looked over at him.

"No."

George answered simply, trying to hold a deadpanned expression as he looked at the alpha.

He then put his heavy bag on the sofa, before unzipping it. His hand going into the bag to take out his big camera, along with the portable tripod he'd brought with it. He then pulled out the portable ring light, feeling grateful he'd brought it as Dream's apartment seemed quite dimly lit.

Which he kinda liked, but it wouldn't be good for filming.

“You came prepared.”

Dream noted, gaze roaming all the stuff George took out of his bag, before looking at George again.

“So should we just start, then?”

George looked at him, his heart thumping in his chest. Gaze flickering slightly at the mere thought of it.

He’d never felt more eager to record a video before. Especially not with any other alpha. He usually has to start picturing other things to get turned on when meeting up with them.

This time, all he had to do was look at Dream and he felt like coming.

George decided the coffee table would be a good spot to set up his ring light and camera. The table itself was a stable, marbled table. A good surface to put his equipment on.

As George was getting finished with setting everything up, he turned the camera on and flipped the flip out screen around so he could see himself when filming. He then got down on his knees, having the camera to his right as he faced forward.

“Come here, Dream.”

He mumbled, needing the alpha to stand in front of him so he could line up the shot correctly, make sure they’re both in frame.

Dream stood up from the sofa, walking over to stand in front of him. Making the omega feel faint as he looked up at him, the already tall alpha seeming so much taller when George was on his knees in front of him.

George looked up at him through his lashes, seeing something dark in those green eyes as the alpha looked back down at him. It made him almost melt right then and there, wanting to do anything for him.

“I think you need to angle it up a bit.”

Dream mumbled as he casted a glance at the camera, noticing how he wasn’t entirely in frame.

George had momentarily forgotten what he was doing just then, confused for a split second as to what Dream was talking about.

But then it hit him, a pink hue blossoming across his cheeks as he turned his head to look at the camera instead.

Dream was right, he wasn't perfectly in frame. So, George reached out and adjusted it slightly. He then held his gaze on his own reflection in the viewfinder as he leaned a bit closer to Dream, getting dangerously close to his crotch.

His breathing grew faint, his lips parting and eyelids growing heavy as he watched himself so close to the alpha's crotch. Feeling his scent so strongly, hugging his entire being. His heart thumping in his chest as he spread his legs slightly, already feeling wet with slick whilst his dick was straining hard against the inside of his sweater.

He was so turned on at this point it was almost embarrassing. And seeing himself in this position, on his knees in front of a tall alpha like Dream.. It was driving him insane. It felt like he could come from that sight alone.

Just then, he both watched and felt how Dream put his large hand at the top of his head. Fingers tangling into his dark hair, tipping his head back just slightly.

It made him almost moan, the sound catching in his throat as he forced it back. A shaky breath leaving his lips as his eyelids felt heavy. Trying to hold his gaze on his own reflection, watching the soft blush on his face grow darker.

He was thankful Dream was gonna be the one getting sucked off, as he'd probably come the second the alpha would go anywhere near his dick.

"I think this is good."

Dream mumbled, noting the angle of the camera shot.

George tried to hum in response but it came out more like a whine. Making him feel embarrassed.

He usually wasn't this needy, lacking such control. It was embarrassing how affected he was getting by this alpha, and the strong pheromones he was giving out. It was truly embracing George and all his senses, making him slightly dizzy.

"Hit record, George."

Dream then said, and George really couldn't get over the way he said his name. He made it sound like a pet name, something George wanted to wear with pride.

George's hand was slightly unsteady from excitement as he reached over to press the record button. The camera giving off a soft ding to indicate they were recording, along with a red button

at the very top of the viewfinder.

He wet his lips as he pulled his hand back, placing both palms flat against his thighs as his tail curled around him.

Dream then pushed his hand through his hair, making him tip his head back.

The omega looked up at him with large eyes. His gaze then dipped to watch Dream's other hand start to undo his pants right in front of his face.

George could already feel his own breathing grow slightly heavier than normal, his entire body pulsating with excitement. His lips parted as he struggled to believe this was actually happening. Gaze flickering between Dream's hand and the camera, glancing over at the viewfinder to look at his own reflection.

It was also to keep the audience feeling engaged, make them feel like they're involved. This whole thing was for them, after all.

As Dream pulled his dick out in front of his face, George had to press his lips together and look away. Gaze finding the camera as his cheeks grew hotter.

It was even bigger in real life, the picture he'd been sent did not do it justice.

A slightly unsteady breath left him as images of him choking on that thing flashed through his head, making him give out a slight nervous giggle as he mumbled,

"Oh my god.."

Under his breath.

And right then he felt just how much slick was gushing out of him. Pooling where he was sat, making him feel dumb for not wearing underwear after all. Or at least a towel placed under him, would've probably been a good idea.

But he'd forgotten just how much slick production he gets around alpha pheromones. And this was more than he'd ever experienced before, and they hadn't even gotten started yet.

He shifted slightly, feeling some precum leak from the tip of his dick as it rubbed against the inside of his sweater. A faint sound escaping his lips as he looked up at Dream again. His gaze flickering to his dick, watching him slowly stroke himself right in front of his face.

"Think you can handle it?"

Dream asked in a low tone, making George lock eyes with him before giving out a scoff. Refusing to actually speak his mind and stroke Dream's ego.

His response made Dream smile, biting down on his bottom lip, before mumbling,

"What?"

Under his breath.

George gave a slight shrug to seem as nonchalant as possible.

"Nothing."

He mumbled, hoping it would annoy the alpha. He wanted to annoy him, press his buttons.

Dream seemed more amused than annoyed, however. The hand he had on George's head gripping a handful of hair as he used his other hand to guide his dick to his mouth. Bouncing the tip against George's bottom lip for a moment just to tease him.

It made George whine softly, gaze flickering to the camera to make sure they were still in frame, that this looked as hot as he pictured it in his head.

"Look at me, George."

Dream mumbled, making George look up at him through his lashes.

"Say please."

Dream then said, making George huff. His breath ghosting the tip of Dream's dick.

"No."

George responded instead, feeling an excited rush go through him from going against the alpha's orders.

The alpha looked at him with a hungry gaze, guiding his dick to slap the tip against his cheek a few times for being disobedient. Making George whine as he glanced at the camera again.

"Eyes on me, George."

Dream mumbled, dipping his voice low. Making George look up at him again as he spread his legs slightly where he sat. Feeling needy, impatient. The alpha pheromones hugging his entire being, as he felt the scent even stronger right by his crotch. It made his face feel embarrassingly hot as his

head felt slightly dizzy.

“Open your mouth.”

Dream ordered, and George immediately parted his lips. Sticking his tongue out slightly, his gaze dipping to the length in front of his face.

As he looked up at Dream’s face again, the alpha began to push his dick into his mouth. Making George moan around it as his jaw immediately ached from the size of it.

It made his head spin, brows knitting and raising slightly as Dream kept on pushing his dick further into his mouth.

George’s ears folded back as tears began to form in his eyes, his tail flicking lightly as his hands went up to grasp at Dream’s pants.

“Holy shit..”

He heard the alpha mumble under his breath, something he wasn’t sure if the camera picked up on.

As Dream hit the back of his throat, George whined around his length as he had to shut his eyes. Feeling overwhelmed by the size of him, putting all his focus on not gagging.

Dream then pushed in a bit extra, causing George’s eyes to water a bit more as he gagged slightly.

It was insane, this was usually his expertise as he deep throats dildos constantly on his streams. He’s become somewhat of a master at not gagging, but Dream was truly something else.

As Dream stayed there for a moment, George moved a slightly unsteady hand up to his own throat, where he could actually feel the bulge of Dream’s dick. And as he pulled back out again, George felt the movements against his fingertips. His eyes rolling back slightly at the sensation. Dream then thrust back in again, and he could feel it against his fingers once more, making him moan around it.

He soon moved his hand back to grab onto Dream’s pants, his nails scraping along Dream’s pant leg as his tail curled around his body. A few soft moans escaping him as Dream began to fuck his throat. Barely pulling out before pushing back in again, using his mouth as his fuck toy.

George’s toes curled as he rocked back on nothing, trying to get friction against his straining hard on under his sweater. More and more slick gushing out of him as he felt hit by a heavy amount of alpha pheromones, making him feel dizzy.

Remembering they were recording this, George's gaze shifted to look at his own reflection in the small monitor. Soft whimpers escaping his throat as Dream kept fucking his mouth. A tear slipping down his cheek as he looked at himself.

The sight was exhilarating, he looked like an absolute mess. Dream was handling him like an absolute fuck doll, hard grip on his hair as he fucked his mouth. It was a breathtaking sight, something he couldn't wait to get off to again later when he edits the video.

Right as he was watching them, Dream thrust in extra deep and George almost had to pull off as he gagged around him. More tears spilling down his cheeks as he got out,

"Dweam--"

Which was entirely muffled by his length.

"Need a break, baby?"

Dream asked, out of breath.

A part of George didn't wanna stop as he was getting so aroused by the way Dream was handling him. But another part of him wanted to just breathe for a moment, clear his head. Especially with how thick the alpha pheromones were in the air, his mind was entirely foggy at this point, making him all dizzy and lightheaded.

So for his own safety, George gave a nod. And Dream was quick to pull out.

George began to cough the moment he'd pulled out, struggling to breathe for a moment. His head spinning, slick still gushing out of him.

As he was regaining his breathing, he felt Dream pet his head soothingly, as if he was an actual cat.

"Am I hurting you?"

Dream asked, the tone of his voice softer, strangely intimate.

George huffed softly, one hand loosely placed over his mouth as he shook his head.

"Just let me know if it gets too much, George. I don't wanna hurt you or anything."

Dream mumbled, casting a glance at the camera. His hand then moved to one of George's cat ears, stroking it curiously before tweaking the very tip of it.

It made a chill go down George's spine, causing him to shiver slightly. It wasn't a bad sensation, just a very sensitive area.

Dream seemed amused by his ears, tickling one of them and watching as his ear flicked automatically in response, as if trying to flick away whatever it was that was touching it.

As Dream tickled his ear a third time, George moaned as he moved his hand up to swat him away from his ear.

"Dream, stop."

He said, voice slightly hoarse from getting his throat fucked.

"Your ears are so cute, George."

Dream said with a fondness in his voice, making the blush on George's cheeks grow stronger as he scoffed faintly.

George then looked up at him, before leaning forward to put his lips against the tip of his dick. Placing a kiss there whilst holding the alpha's gaze.

It seemed to intrigue Dream, as he lightly bounced the tip against his lips before mumbling,

"You want more, kitten?"

George rolled his eyes at the nickname, the blush on his cheeks growing slightly darker. He then gave a nod, throwing a glance at the camera to make sure they were still recording.

"Keep your eyes on me, then."

Dream said, making George look up at him again. Dream then pushed his dick past his lips once again, causing George to moan as he pushed it down his throat once more.

It didn't take long for him to catch up to his previous pace, thrusting in and out of his mouth whilst George moaned and gagged slightly around him. His gaze once again going to the camera to watch himself get face fucked.

But as his gaze dipped away from Dream, practically giving the audience his attention instead, Dream would thrust in harder and deeper. Causing him to gag and whine around him, his eyes tearing up again.

It didn't seem like Dream was a fan of giving others George's attention.

George kept rocking back where he sat as he felt himself grow closer to orgasm, his dick rubbing up against the inside of his sweater whilst the feeling of Dream fucking his throat was pushing him closer and closer to the edge.

Embarrassingly enough, it seemed like he was gonna come before the alpha did.

It really didn't take long before George grabbed onto Dream's pants as he shut his eyes tightly, a soft cry escaping him, muffled around Dream's dick. His entire body tensing up for a moment as he came, his hands grasping at Dream's pants.

His legs then parted below him as he sunk down slightly on the floor. His cum now coating the inside of his sweater, with just some of it landing on the floor, which was already embarrassingly wet from his slick.

"Did you just come, George?"

Dream asked, making George whine.

The alpha then pulled out of him, something that made George give out a needy cry.

"Did you actually just come from me fucking your throat?"

"I'm taking that out of the video."

George mumbled, his cheeks burning hot.

"No. You're keeping that in. That's staying in the video, George."

George whined, feeling embarrassed over the whole thing. Leaning forward to place kisses and small kitten licks along Dream's length to distract him from what just happened. Looking up at him through his lashes as he moaned softly.

He then began to purr, licking at his length as if it was a tasty treat. Soft gaze focused on the alpha.

Dream looked back down at him as if he couldn't believe he was real.

"Holy shit, George- are you purring? Are you actually--"

George didn't respond, he just kept purring as he did happy little kitten licks at the alphas tip.

Dream swore under his breath, his hand running through the omega's hair, fingers brushing against one of his ears.

He then grabbed onto his hair again before guiding his length back into his mouth.

“Keep purring, George.”

He said, pushing his dick further into his mouth as a moan slipped out of him, indicating he was close.

George kept purring, feeling Dream push his dick deep down his throat, which made it harder for him to keep purring as the alpha was almost reaching the very source of it.

Dream seemed to be losing his mind over it, loving the vibrations around his dick. Another swear falling from his lips.

George whined as Dream kept fucking his mouth like that, his entire body feeling electric and sensitive from the lingering aftermath of his own intense orgasm. Tears spilling down his cheeks as he kept taking the hard thrusts down his throat.

And soon, Dream go out,

“Fuck, make sure to swallow, George.”

George swallowed around him from just hearing that, causing the space around Dream's dick to feel even tighter. And after one more thrust into his mouth, he came.

George gagged around him, some cum spilling out at the corner of his mouth as the rest went down his throat. His eyes teary as he tried to swallow it all, feeling more and more pumping out from the alpha's length.

George whined around him, feeling weak in his entire body as Dream held him there. Thrusting in a bit extra as George began to struggle to breathe. His eyelids feeling heavy as he grasped at the alpha's pants.

Then, everything went dark.

George woke up, feeling a warm, safe scent embracing him. Along with a warm, fluffy blanket, wrapping him in a strongly comforting feeling.

He opened his eyes, eyelids a bit heavy as he looked around. It took him a moment to register the unfamiliar surroundings, before he realized he was in Dream's living room, sitting in his sofa.

“George?”

He turned his head, finding the alpha sitting next to him, a concerned look in his eyes.

“You okay?”

He asked, a warm sweetness in his voice.

George blinked, trying to remember what had happened.

Then it dawned on him.

He’d fainted. He was so overwhelmed by the alpha, choking on his dick and his cum. The whole thing caused him to faint.

It didn’t exactly scare him, though. His audience sort of knew him as someone who faints quite easily. He’s done it several times during livestreams, oftentimes it happens when he tries to push himself past his own limits.

Like when he tried to come three times in a row from a huge dildo in his ass. He fainted and was out for about twenty minutes before he woke up to a very concerned chat, all worried he’d actually hurt himself or something worse had happened.

But he kinda liked it. There was something thrilling about being pushed to the point where he just can’t handle it anymore. He felt excited about the fact that Dream had managed to make him faint, he could already picture himself using that in the title. ‘Omega cat hybrid faints from choking on alphas big cock’ sounds like a clickable title.

George gave a faint nod at Dream’s concerns, wetting his lips as he looked over at where they’d been prior to him fainting. Seeing Dream had stopped the recording for him, and there was a towel placed where he’d left a pool of cum and slick.

George felt embarrassed at the fact that Dream had witnessed the mess he’d made and he hadn’t been conscious to explain himself.

He then realized Dream must’ve carried him over to the sofa, which did make him feel all warm and inside. Picturing the alpha carrying him, his tail hanging off his arm.

“How long was I out for?”

George mumbled, looking over at Dream again.

“Fifteen minutes or so. I was starting to think about calling emergency or something.”

George let out a scoff at that, remembering the one time a new viewer called emergency on him after he’d fainted live. It was really embarrassing having to explain himself to the paramedics. Nowadays he has his mods spamming messages to new viewers whenever he faints, reassuring them he’s fine.

“Are you sure you’re okay, George?”

Dream asked, sounding genuinely concerned.

George stretched his arms above his head with a yawn, the warm blanket falling off his shoulders as he did.

“Yes.”

He then sighed softly, glancing over at Dream again who didn’t look convinced.

George huffed,

“I’m fine, Dream.”

Dream sighed, rubbing his face.

“I still think we were idiots for not deciding on a safe word before starting.”

George scoffed. Even if there was a safe word he’d never use it. He liked being pushed to the edge like that, explore his own limits.

“How about, for next time, the safe word is ‘stop’. If you ever tell me to stop, I will.”

George’s gaze lingered on Dream for a moment. Did he just say ‘next time’? It made him feel excited, something he tried to conceal quickly as he looked away from him.

“I don’t like ‘stop’.”

Dream’s brows raised slightly as he looked at George, a somewhat analytical expression on his face as he took in the omega for a moment. Looking as if he was slowly finding out who he was actually dealing with here.

“Okay, so what’s the safe word, then?”

Dream mumbled, the tone of his voice a bit lower.

“I don’t know.”

George said with a shrug.

“What about, I don’t know, ‘blueberry’?”

Dream suggested, seemingly picking a word at random.

George gave another shrug, trying to suppress the smile that blossomed across his lips at the ridiculous suggestion.

“Sure.”

Dream scoffed,

“Alright, blueberry it is, then.”

“Do you wanna borrow the shower by the way? You can borrow some of my clothes, if you want.”

Dream asked, making George look over at him. Trying to conceal his excitement over those words.

It’s pretty much an unspoken rule for omegas to avoid borrowing clothes from alphas as it’s an easy way for them to scent mark an omega and make a claim on them. And if a mated omega wears another alphas clothes it can cause fights. Or if two alphas are trying to mate with the same omega, one of them scent marking the omega can evoke aggression in the other alpha. A lot of feuds happen that way, so most alphas and omegas tries to be careful with that stuff.

And usually, George would always refuse when alphas offered him their clothing. But with Dream, he liked his scent so much, he wouldn’t really mind having it lingering on him.

So, George accepted his offer, and the alpha led him over towards the bathroom.

George walked behind him with his tail curiously in the air, ears flicking at every small sound around them. Gaze taking in their height difference as he was walking behind the alpha. It was something he’d never get tired of.

“I’ll go get you some clothes while you’re in there.”

Dream said as he let George into the bathroom, allowing him his privacy as he left.

George looked around the room, taking in the modern looking sink, toilet and shower. Along with a jacuzzi like bathtub in the corner, immediately giving George ideas for a solo stream. Were those

jets strong enough to bring him to orgasm? He'd love to find out.

Shaking the idea but putting it at the back of his head, George looked around to find the mirror to his left.

As soon as he looked at himself, he felt a rush go through him. He looked messed up, his hair messy and eyes puffy and red from crying. Same with his lips. Even his cheeks held a faint, pink tint still.

He'd never felt hotter.

He admired himself in the mirror for a moment before he began to strip the two items of clothing he was wearing, along with the choker, which he often wore as a part of his brand. A little necklace a cat would normally wear, a pink leather strap with a silver heart in the middle. It was quite classy, pretty.

He also had other ones that were only really suited for when he records videos and nothing else.

After getting entirely naked, he went into the shower. Taking a moment to figure out what to press and such before he got the hot water running.

He tipped his head back as he allowed it to run down his scalp, hitting his shoulder and back. It felt soothing, like a warm hug from a familiar acquaintance. He could've sworn this shower had better water than what he was used to just because someone rich owned it.

He made sure to wash his face especially, cleaning his lips in case he still had some cum there. He even washed his mouth out and spat it out, allowing it to run down the drain.

He shut his eyes as he let the spray hit his face for a moment, his brain going through the events of the evening. His hand moving up to his mouth, tracing his lips. Picturing how Dream had bounced the tip of his dick on his bottom lip before pushing that thing inside of him, his jaw and throat still aching from the memory.

A soft whine escaped him, the sound bouncing off the tiled walls before being drowned out by the sound of running water.

His hand then ran down to his throat, where he'd felt Dream's dick as he'd pushed it so deep inside of him. His breathing going faint just thinking about it.

His hand then ran down his chest, down to his stomach, where Dream's cum was now resting after he'd swallowed it. He couldn't believe it was inside of him, a part of him now. It made him bite his bottom lip, a soft groan escaping him.

He most definitely had to do another video with Dream again in the future.

After finishing his shower, George stepped out and grabbed the nearest towel. Burying his face in it and inhaling deeply. His nostrils filling up with the scent of Dream, mixed with laundry detergent.

It was the most comforting scent he'd ever smelled, making him hum softly before pulling his face away from it. Rubbing the towel over his wet hair and pointy, sensitive ears.

He then dried the rest of his body. Running the towel through his soaked tail, before wrapping the towel around his waist.

He peeked his head out as he opened the door, finding no Dream in sight. But on a small table right next to the door laid a nicely folded up pile of clothing. Something he quickly grabbed before going back into the bathroom, shutting the door behind him.

Dream had given him a pair of socks that were stupidly large, some he felt Bigfoot himself would probably use. Along with a pair of sweats with far too long pant legs, and a large, oversized hoodie.

George put on everything, even though the socks were far too large and almost slipped off his feet every five seconds.

He managed to fold up the sweats by his ankles to make them fit better, whilst loving the way the oversized hoodie fit on him. The sleeves swallowed up his hands, making him bite his bottom lip in excitement.

He looked over at himself in the mirror, seeing a freshly washed, slightly wet hybrid drowning in some alpha's clothing.

He loved it.

He put the hood on, his sensitive ears flicking slightly from the fabric rubbing against them. He then grabbed his pile of used clothing before stepping out of the bathroom.

George dragged his feet along the wooden flooring as he made his way back towards the living room, struggling to walk in the ridiculously large socks. Finding Dream sitting on the sofa, working on some laptop balanced on his lap. His gaze shifting up to look at George as he entered the room.

"Oh. You look cute."

He said, causing a soft pink hue to appear on George's cheeks as he scoffed faintly.

"Sorry I didn't have any sweats with a hole in the back, by the way. I hope it worked out anyways."

George smiled at those words, his hand going back to thread his fingers through his damp tail. It worked just fine, he kept the waistband of the sweats right below where his tail began, but it was considerate of Dream to remember he most often needs custom clothing.

“It’s fine.”

He said with a soft sigh. Feeling a content warmth in his chest as he was embraced by the alphas clothing, surrounded by his scent in his apartment.

Dream smiled at his response, gaze going down to his feet. Noticing how his feet had slid halfway out of the socks.

“Does the, uh, socks work?”

George scoffed, bending down to pull them back on for what felt like the millionth time.

“No. You have clown feet, Dream.”

The alpha gave a slightly offended expression at that, but he didn’t make any comments on it.

“Do you need a ride home, or something?”

Dream asked as George began to start packing up his equipment, putting his used clothing in the bag as well.

“No. I’ll just take an Uber.”

George responded, a part of him liking the idea of being driven home by the alpha who gave him such a strange feeling of comfort and safety. But he also had rules he had to go by, which was to never let anyone come to his home or see his address.

He was very careful about his privacy, and Dream was no exception to these rules.

He was just a stranger, after all. He had to remind himself of that over and over again, despite feeling such a safe familiarity around him and his scent.

Once George had packed up his stuff, Dream led him over to the door.

“Hand me your phone, George.”

Dream said right after the omega had put his shoes back on.

George looked at him, adjusting the strap of his equipment bag that hung over his shoulder.

“Why?”

“I wanna give you my number. In case we wanna do this again.”

George felt a hard thump in his chest, feeling a bit too excited at the idea of them doing this again.

He gave a scoff to conceal his excitement as he pulled his phone out, unlocking it before handing it to the alpha.

Dream then typed in the number, saving his contact and sending himself a text before handing the device back to George.

George looked at his phone, seeing Dream had saved himself as,

‘Daddy Dream<3’

George felt a hot rush as he saw the name, scoffing faintly as he shook his head and rolled his eyes. His cheeks turning dark pink.

The message he’d sent was just a simple ‘hi’.

“Do you like the name?”

Dream asked, dipping his voice low.

George pushed his hand against Dream’s chest to make him back out of the way, feeling flustered as he went past him to the door.

“You’re so funny, Dream.”

He mumbled, sounding slightly flustered, his head spinning.

Dream chuckled, a slight nervous tint to it. Following George and watching him unlock the door.

“Text me when you wanna do this again, George.”

He then said, right as George opened the door.

The omega turned around to face him, looking up at him as he said,

“Okay, Daddy Dream.”

Mocking the name but still saying it in a sensual way. The way he’d be paid to speak on a livestream. Feeling a slight rush as the words left his mouth.

The smile that had been dancing on Dream's lips faded as he heard him say it. Swallowing hard as his gaze dipped to George's lips.

George's gaze studied his face for a moment, taking in how turned on he seemed to get from the way he'd said that just now. Feeling that hint of arousal become evident in his scent as well. It really lit some sort of fire in George, knowing he had that sort of affect on the alpha.

Feeling proud of what he'd done, George flashed him a smile, along with a teasing,

"Bye, Dream..."

He then turned around and left. Leaving the alpha pretty stunned as he did.

George's whole body felt warm as he got back home that night. Dream's scent lingering on his skin and clothing, embracing his entire being. The memory of what they'd just done fresh in his mind.

And the fact that they'd filmed it all made him beyond excited, as he couldn't wait to go through the footage later and look back at it.

Sometimes when he records videos he really drags his feet when it comes to actually editing it. Especially if it was with some alpha where he didn't enjoy the encounter, then he just doesn't wanna look back at it at all.

But this time he couldn't wait to look at it. As he went to bed that night it was hard to fall asleep, he was really looking forward to editing the next day.

But eventually he was lulled to sleep by the comforting scent of Dream's hoodie, which he felt was the perfect item of clothing to sleep in.

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George woke up pretty late the next day. His jaw hurting and throat feeling sore from the activities of the previous day. But it left him with a sense of pride, liking the fact that Dream had left him with lasting reminders of what they'd done.

He took his sweet time getting ready, wearing Dream's hoodie as he went about the apartment. He then ordered some food, waiting for it to be delivered as he sat down by his computer to answer some emails.

He often got sponsorships offered to him, a lot of which would be sent to his manager instead of him. But there were certain sponsorships Sapnap didn't want to deal with, stuff George would do better in picking out himself. A lot of companies wanted him to use their sex toys and review them on stream, for example.

He also got a lot of clothing brands reaching out, wanting him to recommend their custom clothing for hybrids.

The regular clothing Sapnap could deal with just fine, but the more x-rated stuff was always forwarded right into George's inbox.

He rarely accepted the sponsorships as he wanted to only have the best of the best tied to his name, feeling it's important to keep a particular image.

But at times he'd spot a brand deal he actually liked, and today was one of those days. A company that made some of his favorite sex toys was reaching out to him, offering not only \$20 000 for a stream, but they'd also send him a few free toys in the mail.

He began to reply to them immediately, feeling eager to receive the toys so he could try them out. They were particularly good at making big dildos that has inflatable knots, which was his favorite thing to use. Especially the ones that could be filled up with fake cum, making him feel like an actual alpha was knotting him during heats, or other times when he felt a deep yearning for it.

George was in the middle of typing out the email when he heard the doorbell ring, reminding him that he'd ordered food.

He tore himself away from responding to go grab it, acting politely to the delivery guy who eyed him a bit strangely for only wearing a large hoodie, thigh high socks and a pair of small shorts which barely covered his ass.

After accepting his food and paying for it, George went back to answering the email. His right hand poking with a fork into his takeout as his left hand typed out the rest of the email.

This was all pretty standard for his day to day life, and he liked having it that way. He'd never liked having a regular job, so when his cam boy streams took off he felt over the moon.

The first time he ever streamed was when he'd just turned twenty, and a friend of his had talked about how people shower hybrids with money on sites like that. Feeling he wanted to do something with this rarity anyways, George decided to give it a shot.

He'd felt unsure of what to do when he first turned on the camera, sitting there nervously picking at his clothes. His tail whipping softly next to him as he saw more and more viewers trickle in.

He could still remember the way his heart sped up in his chest as the chat encouraged him to show his tail to them.

His first donation was only five dollars, but it blew him away to see someone actually willing to throw money at him. It made him blush, reading the dono's request for him to turn around and

show them more, making him actually turn around and show his ass and tail to the camera.

After that, he got about five more donations all at once, making him feel overwhelmed.

The whole thing turned into nothing more than a tease show, but when he ended the stream that night he felt more alive than ever before. His hands shaking slightly as the adrenaline pumped through his veins. He wasn't quite sure at the time what plans he had going forward with this, but in that moment, he just knew he wanted to do that again.

Now here he was, three years later, feeling almost like a master at what he does. He'd built a loyal following as well, who's grown to understand what he's like and what turns him on, and he couldn't be happier with all of it.

George finished his food, then spent a few more hours answering emails. Sending a particularly important one to Sapnap, containing a short text where he'd written,

'Stinknap'

Something he got a response to fairly quickly, an email containing nothing but an image of Sapnap giving him the finger.

It wasn't until it was starting to get dark out that he realized just how much time had flown by of him answering emails.

George began to clear his desk, throwing away the empty takeout containers and putting the dishes in the sink. He then got a bottle of water and a lollipop from the kitchen, before going back to his bedroom. Sitting back down by his desk to set up for a stream.

The moment he started the stream, people were already trickling in. It made him smile, loving his forever loyal following.

He gave a small wave to the camera, then got out of his seat to walk over to the bed. He then laid down on his stomach, and opened up his laptop.

He'd sometimes stream from his PC, other times from his laptop. This time he needed his laptop for editing, as the very title of his stream was 'watch me edit!'

He was gonna go through the video he and Dream had done, and he figured he might as well stream it since he wasn't able to stream the previous day. And it's not like he always gets off on his streams, his audience seem to like these lowkey, just chatting type vibes as well.

He put the sd card from his camera into the laptop, allowing the footage to download as he put his wireless earbuds in. Making sure he had the laptop angled away from the view of the stream, as he didn't actually want them to see what he was editing. The video was gonna be a surprise to them, it was more fun that way.

As the footage downloaded, George unwrapped the lollipop and put it in his mouth. Glancing up at his large computer monitor to see a few donations rolling in. But it wasn't anything special, just people saying hi and asking how he's doing. He rarely ever replies to those.

He hummed softly to the lofi music he'd put on in the background, his tongue wrapping around the lollipop that held a nice strawberry flavor. Something that made him purr softly, loving the taste of it.

As the footage finally finished downloading, George opened it up in his editing program. Looking at the freeze frame of his past self as he started the recording, a heavy blush already evident on his face.

George got a bit of second hand embarrassment looking at how much he was blushing there, shaking his head softly at his past self.

He shifted the lollipop from one cheek to his other as he pressed play, watching himself wet his lips as he sat back. Dream's hand then pushed into his hair, making him tip his head back and look up at him.

Watching himself look up at the alpha with large eyes like that turned him on, along with the way Dream's large hand looked tangled up in his hair like that.

As Dream began to undo his pants in the video, George's gaze flickered up to look at his chat. Seeing lots of curiosity over what he was watching, and requests for him to show more skin and such.

The small shorts he was wearing hugged his ass really nicely, and he had no plans on taking them off. Same thing with the hoodie. Sometimes his audience needs to be teased like this, keep them on their toes.

George's gaze shifted back to the video again, right as his past self turned to the camera as Dream's dick was in front of his face. His cheeks flushed as he mumbled,

"Oh my god.."

He'd edited many videos of himself before, but he wasn't sure if he'd ever seen himself look this flustered, this turned on.

It was both embarrassing and intriguing to watch.

He felt a blush creep up on his own face as he watched Dream stroke himself close to his face, his dick looking insanely huge in front of the hybrid's blushing face. He then listened as his past self let out a sound close to a moan as he looked up at the alpha again.

"Think you can handle it?"

Past Dream asked, making George push his hand against his blushing cheek, feeling flustered even as he listened back to it.

And fuck, he sounded so hot. He'd almost forgotten what Dream's voice sounded like, and hearing it again stole his breath away for a moment.

George looked away from the screen, removing the lollipop from his mouth as he felt himself grow slightly hot and bothered from watching the recording. His gaze shifting up to the stream camera before he slowly, sensually licked the lollipop. A faint thought in the back of his head wondering if Dream was watching the stream in that moment.

"Look at me, George."

He almost got a bit startled as he heard past Dream speak in his earbuds, making him look back down at the video right as Dream said,

"Say please."

George almost groaned as he listened back to it, feeling an instinctual need to get down on his knees and beg and plead, do whatever the alpha wanted him to do. He wet his lips as he listened to his past self instead saying,

"No."

George scoffed, amazed at his own self restraint. The look he had on his face as he held the alpha's gaze, such a bratty tease.

He bit his bottom lip, watching as Dream guided his dick to then slap it against his cheek a few times for his disobedience, making his past self whine and look directly at the camera.

George felt his heart jump right then, the absolute arousal in his own eyes just then took him by surprise, the way he locked gaze with the audience to truly engage them. He felt strangely proud over that shot, it was definitely... hot.

“Eyes on me, George.”

He listened to the alpha giving his past self orders again, then watched the hybrid on screen look up at him obediently. It made George feel all hot and bothered, watching as Dream ordered him to open his mouth, and how eagerly his past self did just that.

It was clear to him as he watched back, that he was slipping a bit. Clearly struggling to resist the orders of the alpha, which was very unlike him.

He was just about to look away from the screen when Dream pushed his dick into his past self's mouth.

His lips parted as he watched it back, Dream's length looking absolutely massive as it pushed further and further into the helpless omega's mouth, who's ears went back as he was tearing up from it. His pleading gaze shifting to look at the camera again, once again engaging the audience.

Holy shit, this was hot. This was an absolute banger of a video.

George shifted slightly where he laid, feeling himself grow hard from watching this back. His tail swooshing from side to side in a soft motion as his gaze rested on the video. Crossing his ankles as he had them up in the air.

He suddenly heard a faint buzz, making him look to the side where his phone was laying.

‘New message from Daddy Dream<3’

George's tail immediately perked up whilst he tried his best not to smile, tried to smother the instant excitement he felt from seeing those words. A small scoff escaping him as he paused the video, putting the lollipop back into his mouth before reaching out to grab the phone. Unlocking it to read the message.

‘Nice hoodie.’

He shook his head, a smile dancing on his lips as he read the text from Dream. Gaze darting up to the camera before his thumbs typed out a quick,

‘Thanks’

He then threw the phone back to where it previously laid, trying not to hope he'd hear from him again.

He couldn't help but feel a bit excited to know he was watching, though. It made him feel a bit more self aware suddenly, his hand moving up to fix his hair slightly before he pressed the play button again on the video.

He sighed as he shifted a bit where he sat, swirling the lollipop in his mouth as his gaze rested on the video in front of him, trying to focus back on the task at hand.

But it was hard for him to focus suddenly, constantly thinking about the fact that Dream was watching him in that very moment. Those green eyes was focused on him and his every movement.

Why was he watching? Was he hoping to see more? Was he watching to get off?

George almost felt honored that Dream would come watch him for such a task. That he'd be the face that could help him to get off.

George let out a small sigh that came out more like a moan, starting to feel more hot and bothered as he was watching porn of himself and the hottest alpha he'd ever met. It was hard to stay clear headed in those circumstances. His eyelids heavy as the alpha fucked his past self's mouth, making him gag and tear up, clearly struggling with the size of him.

As his phone buzzed again he felt his heart skip. Trying not to look too eager as he grabbed his phone to look at the message.

'What're you watching, George?'

George glanced up at the camera, then put his phone back down again. Deciding not to answer that message.

He didn't want Dream to know he's the reason he's getting all hot and bothered in that moment, that watching the two of them was actually turning him on.

He shifted where he laid once again, the friction against his now hard dick making him moan softly. His tongue playing with the lollipop in his mouth as he watched his past self suck off the alpha.

He wanted to switch places, go back and do that all over again.

He took his lollipop out again and bounced it lightly on his bottom lip as he tipped his head to the side. Another moan escaping him as he shifted once again to get more friction. Which then escalated into him doing small, faint circles against the bed right where he laid. Almost as if he was

humping it.

He licked the lollipop before he began to suck on it, looking over at the camera as he pushed it in and out of his mouth. Another moan escaping him at the same time as he heard his past self moan in his earbuds.

That's when he heard the familiar ding of a large donation, making his gaze move to that part of the screen.

'\$500 donation by Dream: answer my last text, George'

George let out a slight giggle around the lollipop, before putting it at the left side of his cheek, his hand moving to grab his phone.

'No.'

He wrote back simply, sending the text before letting the phone fall to the bed again. Sighing as he resumed to watching the video. Feeling an immense thrill from leaving Dream on his toes like that.

He wanted to play hard to get, he didn't wanna be easy. He wasn't easy with anyone, and Dream should be no exception.

He threw a quick glance up at the chat, finding a lot were now discussing this strange exchange between him and Dream. Suppose last time they saw them interact Dream was just another regular viewer.

Now he was a viewer who's had his dick down his throat. And has his phone number.

Still, shouldn't give him any special privileges.

George almost began to regret being so cold with Dream when the minutes ticked by and he got no more replies or donations from him.

But he tried to not let it show, his gaze focused on the screen in front of him. Watching as a bit of cum spilled out of his past self's mouth as he took the alpha's load, his eyelids struggling to remain open as his hands clawed at the alpha's pants.

Then, he passed out.

This part was interesting for him to watch, as he was curious to see what Dream did next. He hadn't exactly been conscious for this bit.

He watched the alpha pull out of his mouth, a concerned,

"George?"

Leaving his lips. George then watched as Dream grabbed onto the omega that was practically falling limp, holding him up as he said,

“Holy shit,”

Under his breath.

One of his hands then moved to reach the camera, and the recording stopped.

It made George groan as he felt disappointed, he wanted to see more. He wanted to watch Dream lift him up and carry him away to safety.

Still, it was interesting hearing the care in his voice as he got actually concerned for him. He wasn't some asshole who'd happily take advantage of the situation, which was nice.

Right as the video ended, George's phone buzzed again.

A wave of relief and excitement washed over him as he caught Dream's name on the lit up screen, one hand removing the lollipop from his mouth as the other grabbed his phone.

‘You look really good in my hoodie.’

George pushed some air out of his nostrils, the pink hue on his cheeks growing stronger.

He then typed out,

‘How about I come over and steal some more’

But as he read back the message, he quickly deleted what he'd typed out. Finding he sounded too eager.

So, instead he typed,

‘I'm keeping it’

And sent the message before discarding his phone again. Groaning softly as he stretched a bit.

He didn't really feel the need to edit much on this video, it was good as is. Even the way it ended, he kinda liked the way it seemed so authentic with keeping the bits where they turn the camera on and off.

And Dream's face wasn't showing in any of the footage, so he didn't have to worry about getting exposed to George's audience.

He felt kinda done with it, ready to upload.

George shut his laptop with a soft sigh, putting the lollipop back into his mouth as his phone buzzed again.

He grabbed it, reading Dream's answer,

'Thief.'

He huffed, then felt the phone vibrate in his hands as Dream sent another message,

'What flavor is that lollipop?'

George moved one hand to take the lollipop out of his mouth, bouncing it on his tongue teasingly as he looked right at the camera. He then licked it, humming and purring softly as the flavor melted on his tongue. Sweet, refreshing strawberry, reminding him of a summer day.

He then put the lollipop back in his mouth before typing,

'Strawberry'

He swirled the lollipop in his mouth for a moment, waiting for the alpha to reply. But it didn't take long before his phone vibrated again,

'cant believ im jealous of a lollipop rn'

George scoffed faintly as he read the message, feeling a hot rush go through him. Loving how messy the message was, as if he'd hurried to type it out. Was he in a hurry cause he was getting off right now?

'What are you up to, Dream?'

He typed back, then glanced up at his chat to see a sea of jealous people, asking to be let in on what they were messaging each other.

He hadn't even realized it himself, but he'd been silent for several minutes now. He'd been so caught up in his messaging with Dream, he didn't think about how he was meant to entertain an audience.

He got another message from Dream, stealing his attention away immediately.

'watching your stream'

George huffed. Of course, he knew that already. But he wanted more.

'What're you wearing?'

He typed back, a faint teasing grin tugging at the corner of his mouth as he glanced up at the camera again.

It took a moment before he got a response from the alpha,

‘Why do you wanna know what im wearing,?’

George swirled the lollipop to his right cheek, typing,

‘Send me a picture’

He heard the familiar ding of a large dono just then, making him look up at the screen. Taking the lollipop out of his mouth as he leaned forward slightly to read it properly.

His lips then parted, about to read it out loud when he paused himself. A small flustered huff escaping him, along with a slight blush that covered his cheeks.

It read,

‘\$200 donation by CallMeSir: such a breedable omega. How much for an ass shot?’

George wet his lips,

“Thanks for the donation, call me... sir.. uhm, one thousand dollars.”

He let out a slight giggle after he’d given out the price, excited over the thought to receive that much money for such a simple thing. He wasn’t even sure this guy would pay that much, they oftentimes didn’t.

It wasn’t every time he made them pay that much for it, either. It always depends on what mood he’s in.

Right then he heard his phone buzzing, making him look at it.

‘New message from Daddy Dream<3’

He scoffed faintly, unlocking his phone to read.

His breath was stolen for a moment as he was met by a picture. He could only see the lower half of the white t-shirt he was wearing, coupled with a pair of black basketball shorts, which were pulled down as he had his dick out. Big and hard, his hand wrapped around it.

Holy shit, he actually was getting off to his stream.

George wet his lips, feeling slick start to come out of him at the sight of the alpha's dick. A faint sound slipping past his lips as he put the lollipop in his mouth again. Wanting something to suck on as his heavy lidded gaze took in the alpha's dick. The veins that lined the sides of it, something he remembered the feeling of against his tongue.

The sound of another big donation snapped him out of his trance, making him look up at the screen again.

'\$1000 donation by CallMeSir: show me that hole, kitten'

He felt his breathing go faint, an excited rush going through him from seeing so much money thrown at him just to show his ass.

He did an eye roll before shaking his head. His cheeks feeling warm as he huffed,

"I didn't think you'd actually do it."

He mumbled, keeping the lollipop in his left cheek.

He then sighed softly, finding he now had an obligation to fulfill.

He discarded his phone and moved his laptop to the side before getting on all fours, taking the lollipop stick out of his mouth before throwing it over at the desk, deciding he'd throw it away later.

He then turned his ass to the camera, his tail moving swiftly to the side as he moved one hand back to hook his thumb on the waistband of his shorts. He then pushed his ass up in the air as he began to pull the shorts down.

Pressing his hot face against the mattress as he felt the cooling air hit his ass, revealing more and more of it to the audience. Some slick running out of him as he revealed his hole, making him whine softly in embarrassment.

Once he had his ass fully on display, he wiggled it softly, teasingly. Unable to see the love people were showering him with but hearing it from the amount of donations he was receiving.

It turned him on even more, his hand releasing the waistband of his shorts to teasingly run his fingertips along his asscheek. The skin smooth, soft. It was one of his best assets, so he made sure to take care of it properly. Scrubbing it in the shower was something he took a lot of time doing whenever he washed himself. Moisturizing afterwards was almost equally as important to him. It left him with this baby smooth, soft skin. Something he knew turned on many of his alpha

viewers, making them desire him even more.

He lifted himself off the bed slightly to look over his shoulder, reading the chat behind him. Casting a quick glance at his own reflection and seeing just how enticing he looked like that.

“Does it look okay, guys?”

He asked, already knowing the answer. Just looking for praise, which his audience was good at giving out.

The chat immediately exploded with compliments and praise, and he caught another big donation showing up on the screen,

‘\$100 donation by CallMeSir: so pretty, baby. How much to knot you?’

George huffed, the blush on his cheeks growing stronger.

“Five million.”

He joked, as his audience already knew quite well he wouldn’t do it for any amount of money in the world.

Right as he was about to mention that he was joking, he felt his phone vibrating. It took him a moment to realize it was someone calling him.

He reached for it, looking at the screen and seeing,

‘Daddy Dream<3 calling...’

He felt his heart jump in his chest, his thumb moving to hit the answer button. The call immediately connecting to his wireless earbuds as he put the phone to the side.

“Why are you calling me?”

He asked, looking at the phone next to him. Watching the seconds of their phone call go up in numbers.

“You weren’t answering my texts.”

George scoffed faintly. He must’ve missed a few as he was busy with showing his ass.

“What do you want?”

He mumbled, his fingers lightly tracing teasing patterns on his ass.

“Do you know that guy or something?”

“Who?”

“The guy who keeps.. donating.”

George huffed, intrigued by the tone of Dream’s voice. He sounded... annoyed.
Was he jealous?

“Why are you asking me this?”

He said, speaking softly. Glancing at the chat that were trying to tell the dono guy he was just kidding about the five million, his mods linking the rules list.

“I don’t know, you’re talking to him like you know him or something.”

“I don’t.”

It was silent for a moment, almost making George think Dream had hung up on him. His gaze checking to see that he was in fact still in a call with him.

“I don’t like you taking orders from him, George.”

Dream finally spoke, making a hot rush go through George.

“Why not?”

“Cause you’re mine.”

George let out a small flustered sound, his hand going teasingly close to his hole. Feeling more slick gushing out of him from hearing Dream speak these things.

“I’m yours?”

He whispered, shutting his eyes as he put his cheek against the mattress. His fingers lightly teasing his sensitive rim, making him shiver slightly as he pushed his ass up into it. Feeling needy, wanting Dream’s hands on him.

“Yeah.”

He heard Dream say, catching the way his breathing was a bit more shallow.

“Does it make you jealous when I talk to him, Dream?”

George then asked, feeling his own cheeks heat up from asking the question. But he wanted it spelled out, wanted to hear him say it.

His hand moved from his rim to grab a handful of his left asscheek, using the grip to spread his cheeks apart slightly. Putting up a tease show for the camera, jiggling his ass slightly before releasing it.

“Yeah. I’m jealous, George.”

Dream admitted, making George accidentally moan softly, his hand placing over his mouth as he felt more slick come out of him. His other hand moving back to tease the rim again.

“George. I want you to do as I say now, okay?”

George moved his hand from his mouth to grab at the sheets next to his face, listening to the alpha’s voice.

“Okay.”

He got out.

“I want you to finger yourself. Now.”

At those words, George pushed his middle finger past the rim. A moan escaping him at the stretch around the digit, feeling even more slick inside of him.

“You like that?”

Dream asked, his voice deep and comforting right in his ears, the earbuds providing him with the absolute best sound.

“Yes.”

George got out, along with a slightly broken moan.

“I want you to push it as deep as you can, George. Imagine it’s my finger.”

The omega tried his best to follow the orders, feeling more slick against his finger, his insides coated with it. His entire body yearning for a knot, to be impregnated. He wanted it so bad he could cry, it was the one downside to his promise to stay unmated.

He wanted to carry babies inside of him more than anything. He wanted to watch his belly inflate with cum, then have that cum turn into a life that would grow inside of him. He wanted his belly to be so big he’d feel like he’d explode, carry around babies for his alpha. Feeling so proud and warm to be able to do such a thing to please his alpha.

He loved to fantasize about riding a big alpha’s dick whilst heavily pregnant with his babies, have his large hands placed safely on his stomach as his dick would poke into it. Perhaps his seed would be strong enough to add another one to the litter.

He wanted it so bad, and at times like this he felt it even stronger than usual.

And as if he could read his mind, Dream spoke just then,

“Fuck, I wanna put my knot in you, George..”

“Dream..”

He cried softly, thinking about carrying his babies. They’d probably be hybrids just like him. But would they have Dream’s eyes? His hair color? Would their ears and tails have a lighter color than his own?

He wanted little hybrid kittens so bad, and just knowing Dream could give it to him was making him claw at the bedsheets with want before biting into his own hand. His finger moving in and out of him out of sheer desperation for this fantasy to become reality.

He could barely breathe, his entire body feeling so hot as he wondered if Dream actually meant those words, if he actually wanted to mate with him or if that was just dirty talk.

Suppose it didn't matter. They both knew it wasn't gonna happen, George was staying true to his rules.

"Your audience can't even hear me right now, I could say whatever I want to you, George."

Dream then said, making George moan against his hand as he kept fucking himself desperately with his finger.

"I wonder what they think I'm saying to you."

"That you're an idiot."

George got out, parting from his hand to grab at the bedsheets again, biting his bottom lip softly as he heard Dream huff on the other line.

"They don't even know that you call me daddy, George."

George let out a faint moan,

"I don't."

"Look at my name in your phone."

"I changed it."

George lied, twisting his finger slightly inside of himself which made him moan.

"You're lying, George."

"I'm not."

He got out, his voice airy.

"Read it out, then. Tell me what you changed it to."

George let out a faint, flustered giggle. He then pretended to read out,

“Dream the idiot.”

He heard the alpha scoff on the other end of their call, mumbling,

“You’re such a liar, George..”

George bit down on his bottom lip, melting slightly at the tone of the alpha’s voice.

Dream then spoke again,

“Move your finger faster, George.”

The omega did as he was told, speeding up his movements and whining softly.

“Faster.”

Dream ordered, sounding out of breath. George moaned, picturing the alpha jerking himself off to the same speed of his movements. Making him work his own finger even faster as he let out a broken moan.

“Dream-“

“Fuck, how fucking tight are you, George? You can barely handle one of your own small fingers.”

George whined at those words, some more slick gushing out of him from the way the alpha kept swearing. Feeling weak as he knew what went on in the alpha’s mind just then.

He was so big, Dream would probably tear him in half if he tried to even put the tip of his dick inside of him.

He was about to throw some comment back at the alpha, but right then he heard the sound of another big donation, making him glance back at the screen.

‘\$100 donation by CallMeSir: how about one million? I’ll let you carry my babies and you can be a good little omega.’

George’s toes curled as he read the donation, heat rushing to his cheeks as he felt that yearning at the pit of his stomach again.

“George.”

He heard Dream say, right as the omega let out a panting moan.

“Make me a mod, George.”

“Why?”

George responded, gaze watching the small dancing cat with dollars raining on it disappearing from the screen along with the donation.

“I wanna ban that guy.”

George let out a flustered huff,

“Why? Maybe I want his babies.”

“George.”

Dream said, his voice stern. Making George giggle faintly, adding another finger as he wanted to be filled up even more.

But it still wasn't enough. There was only one thing that would be enough, and Dream was holding it in his hand at that very moment.

“What?”

He asked airily, innocently.

“You don't actually mean that.”

Dream said, as George sped up his movements.

“What if I did? What would you do to punish me, Dream?”

He asked, pushing his cheek against the mattress. Loving how clueless his audience was over most of their conversation.

“Mod me, George.”

Dream said, not entraining his fantasies.

“Dream...”

He moaned, pushing his cheek against the mattress.

“I mean it. Now, George.”

George whined softly, feeling strangely turned on by how angry he sounded.

“I’m hanging up if you don’t mod me right now, George. Like, actually. I’m not joking around.”

The omega huffed softly, before pushing his upper body off the bed. Glancing behind himself,

“Mods, make Dream a mod.”

He then laid back down again, sighing softly,

“Are you happy now, Dream?”

He asked, wanting to be praised in return for following the orders from the alpha.

“Yes. Thank you, George.”

George huffed, working his fingers a bit faster. His legs shaking as he felt himself growing closer to orgasm. Panting, soft breath hitting the bedsheets next to his face.

“There. He’s banned.”

George let out a flustered sound, in disbelief that he actually did it.

“You’re- you’re ridiculous, Dream..”

“I know you’re happy I did it, George.”

George didn't respond. Instead he kept moving his fingers faster, his breathing growing more shallow as he was nearing his orgasm.

"I just banned another creep. Fucking idiot can go suck my dick."

George moaned, struggling to hold himself up on weak legs. More slick gushing out of him from the tone of Dream's voice, the way he cursed.

"Oh and there's another fucking moron! George! Did you see what he said? He's a fucking idiot who keeps talking about mating with you, as if he could do anything with that two inch dick of his. How are there so many idiots in your chat, George? Oh- what?! What the hell is wrong with this guy?!"

George's breath hitched in his throat as he listened to Dream curse more people out, his eyes rolling back slightly as he had to halt his movements for a bit, feeling overwhelmed by it. For some reason, that was really hot.

"Holy fuck, you're shaking, George."

Dream registered just then, making George whine. His legs shaking as he struggled to hold himself up, panting heavily as he began moving his fingers in desperate, irregular movements. Pushing in and out of his slick filled hole.

"Dream..."

He moaned softly, his mind a fog. Pulling the front of his hoodie up a bit to feel the alpha's scent faintly lingering on it, something that made more slick gush out of him as he moaned softly.

"You're being such a good little kitten, George. Fingering yourself just because daddy told you to."

George whined at his words, pressing his forehead against the bedsheets as his mouth hung open with quick, shallow breaths escaping him.

"Are you gonna cum, baby?"

Dream then said, making George nod as he struggled to form any words other than a needy whine. Feeling so close to orgasm.

“Fuck- me too. I wanna cum all over your ass, George. Would look so good on you.”

George moaned at the visual, turning his head slightly to see the drawer where he kept sex toys and other fun stuff. One unsteady hand reaching over to open it, grasping one of the bottles he kept inside.

He then uncapped the bottle before moving it to his ass, squirting a heavy amount of the liquid onto his skin.

It was fake cum, a substance that mimicked the actual thing quite well, could even be heated for extra realism. He'd use up several bottles of it during his heats, but would also use some on occasions during his other streams.

He just loved the look of cum on his skin, and he knew his viewers did too.

He moaned as he felt it drip down his skin, listening to Dream as his breathing grew heavier on the other side of their call. Along with a swear under his breath. It seemed like he was about to cum, too.

“Does it look good on me, Dream?”

George asked as he glanced over his shoulder to see his own reflection on the screen, loving the way he looked with cum on his ass like that. Wishing it was real.

“Yeah. Holy shit, George..”

Dream said, sounding close.

It turned George on even more, scooping up some of the fake cum to then push it into his hole, making sure Dream was watching. Listening to the alpha swearing under his breath as most of it was pushed back out again as he tried fitting the liquid into the tight space. Fake cum and slick dripping from his hole, coating his fingers.

George tried imagining it was real cum, moaning as he moved his fingers faster and deeper. Listening as Dream mumbled,

“Holy fuck. I would ruin you, George.”

The words overwhelmed him, the omega's breath catching in his throat as he squeezed his eyes shut. A sound escaping his lips as he felt tears burn behind his eyelids. His cum spilling out on the bedsheets below him, as he focused on the wet feeling of the fake cum on his ass.

He felt his legs shaking even more as he tried to hold himself up, his entire body tense for a moment as he rode out his intense orgasm. And right then is when he heard Dream groan softly, as he was coming too.

George panted, feeling dizzy for a moment as he was calming back down from his orgasm. His hands shaky, pulling the fingers he had in his ass out slowly, a small whine escaping him.

“Holy shit..”

He heard Dream say in his ears, as he could barely speak himself.

George swallowed as he tried to regain his breathing. His entire body feeling spent. Gathering enough strength to turn and glance over at the camera, looking right at the audience.

“New video tomorrow.”

.

George woke up the next morning still wearing Dream’s hoodie, and nothing else. He hadn’t bothered with putting his shorts back on after his stream, he simply wiped the fake cum off his ass with some wet wipes, then went straight to bed.

Dream had showered him with some more praise before he ended the call with him, something that made him feel all warm and embraced as he went to sleep. Even as he woke up there was a slight glow to his cheeks, his ears flickering softly as he listened to the few birds outside his window.

He rolled over, legs curling up to his chest as he reached for his phone. A soft sigh escaping him as he checked his notifications.

He found Sapnap had texted him, writing,

‘I saw something about you offering up to be knotted for five million.’

‘That was a joke, right?’

George scoffed, writing back,

‘I don’t know, maybe.’

A small smile creeping up on his lips as he sent the message. Having no plans to actually sell himself to anyone like that, but he did enjoy messing with his manager. It filled him with a strange sense of joy just thinking about Sapnap’s worried expression as he’d get genuinely concerned over such a scenario.

After responding to his manager, he went onto Twitter. Feeling curious about what else people were saying about him.

And sure enough, there was a lot of talk about him offering up to be mated for money. It made him shake his head softly, surprised to see so many of his followers not understanding that it was a joke.

He scrolled through the discussions people were having, scoffing as he read a few ridiculous theories about how maybe he was starting to actually contemplate getting mated. He also saw a bunch of people who offered up to do it with him, talking about how they could take out a loan just to afford it.

He rolled his eyes softly, but a small smile danced on his lips as he read about everyone desiring him so badly.

He had no plans on engaging with the discussion at first, but then he spotted a verified account from an alpha working in the same industry as him. He was also quite known for being unmated, so it was interesting to see him tweet at him, saying,

‘@georgenotfound Heard you’re up for grabs. Want my knot, kitty boy?’

George scoffed, the smile on his lips growing. Unable to resist responding to him.

‘How much money do you have?’

He ended up tweeting back. Having no actual plans to mate with the guy but it was fun to entertain the thought, make his fanbase go crazy for a moment.

He thought the conversation would end there, but then the guy responded to him, tweeting a picture of his bank account. Showing several zeros, something that made George’s cheeks grow slightly hot.

Above the image, he’d typed,

‘How much do you want?’

George was quick to respond,

‘All of it.’

It didn’t take long for him to get another response, the guy tweeting,

‘Deal.’

George scoffed, having no interest to actually pursue this alpha in any way. But he had a fun time watching his followers react to the tweets, responding with panicked gifs and questions if it was real, if they were being serious.

And then, he got a text.

‘Daddy Dream<3: image attachment’

Before he’d even pressed the notification at the top of his screen to look at it, he got another text,

‘Daddy Dream<3: ????’

He bit his bottom lip as he pressed the notification, taking him to their text conversation.

He was met with a screenshot of the tweets he’d just exchanged with the other streamer, followed by Dream’s question marks.

George’s thumbs quickly moved across the keyboard as he typed out,

‘Why are you sending me this?’

Dream was fast to reply,

‘Are you being serious?? You’re gonna let him knot you??’

George giggled out of pure excitement, his toes curling as he started writing back. It seemed like Dream was perhaps a bit jealous.

‘I don’t know, maybe.’

He then sent another message, writing,

‘Does that make you jealous, Dream?’

He shifted slightly where he laid in bed after he’d sent it. Pulling at the very front of Dream’s

hoodie to bury the lower half of his face into it, feeling the absolute faintest hint of his scent still lingering in the fabric.

He then got a text notification, but his heart sank as he was met by,

‘New message from Stinknap’

He let out a huff, reading the message.

‘I’m taking half of it’

His phone then vibrated as Sappnap sent one more message,

‘At LEAST’

He scoffed, rolling his eyes. About to respond when he got a message from Dream.

His attention was stolen away entirely as he immediately pressed on the message notification, taking him to the message Dream had just sent,

‘Yes. Very.’

George giggled out of pure glee to see the alpha admit to being jealous once again. It was something he could never get enough of, loving the way he had that power over him.

He then got another message from him,

‘You’re mine, George.’

George exhaled faintly, rereading the message as he felt a rush from seeing those words. Shifting slightly where he laid as he basked in those words for a moment.

He shut his eyes, picturing Dream towering over him, cornering him against a wall. Hand placed against the wall next to his face as he dipped down to whisper next to his ear,

“You’re mine.”

His hand placing on the omega’s neck, stealing his breath away for a moment.

He’d then lean down and bite into the side of his neck, putting his mating mark on him. Proving to the world that those words rang true, that he belonged to Dream.

As he was caught up in his fantasy, George absentmindedly placed a hand on his stomach. A soft sigh escaping him as his fantasy moved onto him carrying Dream’s babies. Picturing himself so pregnant it looked like he’d burst any moment.

He blinked, catching himself as his fantasies were going a bit too far. Swallowing as he looked

around the room, coming back to reality.

He wasn't sure what overcame him just then. His heat wasn't happening in another week or two, he had no idea why those images suddenly popped into his head.

He shook it off, sitting up in bed as he decided maybe it was time for a shower. A cold one, to wash away these weird thoughts.

.

It was the next day, and George had decided to do a little stream.

He yawned softly as he sat by his desk, gaze resting on the view counter as it slowly went up. He'd only started his stream a few minutes ago, but people were always quite quick to come watch it.

He glanced at the title, where he'd put,

'Just chatting - NEW VIDEO UP NOW GO WATCH WOOOO'

He'd posted his video with Dream the previous day, and he felt proud of it and wanted a lot of people to see it.

George hummed softly to the lofi tunes he'd put on in the background, reading his chat that was already going way too fast despite the stream just starting out.

A small smile danced on his lips as he read the greetings and requests for him to do certain things. Show his ass, use a dildo, put his fingers in his mouth, eat something on stream.

He hadn't really planned on doing any of that this stream, he wanted to just chill with his audience for a bit.

He ran his fingers absentmindedly through his tail as he read the chat, touching the sensitive area which caused small shivers to run up his spine. He bit his bottom lip, stroking his tail as he tipped his head slightly to the side.

The sound of a donation coming through made him look to that part of the screen, watching the small cat dance below the rain of money as the dono read,

'\$50 donation by gnfkittymeow: is dream your bf?'

George gave a faint scoff, feeling his cheeks heat up a bit.

"No.. Dream's not my.. no."

He mumbled, giving another slight huff as he shook his head softly.

Suppose these sort of questions would come after he'd recorded with an alpha. It was expected. He'd received similar questions every time he did videos with other people.

He pulled his feet up on his gaming chair, pressing his knees to his chest as he moved his left hand to the computer mouse. Clicking on the viewers list, just to check who was watching.

He tried denying to himself that he was looking for Dream, but as he waited for the viewers list to load in he felt himself hoping more and more that he'd see Dream's name show up as a viewer.

But it was honestly just to see if he'd heard his answer to the boyfriend question just now. It would've been funny if he saw, that's all. It's not like he cared if he's watching, or anything. He doesn't actually need him there.

As soon as it had finished loading, his gaze scanned the mod list, and his heart instantly dropped.

Dream wasn't watching.

George closed the list, feeling his smile fading. Rubbing some of the fur on his tail between his fingertips as his gaze zoned out for a moment.

Maybe it was too early to expect him there, maybe he should give it a while. Notifications had probably not even been sent out yet, he should give him a minute.

The ding that indicated a large donation yanked George out of his thoughts, making him look at the bottom right of the screen. Seeing the dancing cat with money raining on it before he read the donation,

'\$100 donation by AlphaX: so when should we meet up for our mating stream?'

George scoffed faintly as he read the donation silently. It was the same alpha he'd had that Twitter exchange with. He'd sort of figured their little joke would end there, but apparently this alpha wanted to keep the bit going.

"When should our mating stream be? I don't know."

George said, keeping himself vague, teasing. Mostly to rile up his audience and watch them lose it in the chat. Catching how a bunch of them started spamming 'GeorgeX'.

His brows knit as he watched a whole sea of people spamming that same thing.

“What’s ‘GeorgeX’?”

George asked his audience, gaze resting on the chat.

Slowly, answers began to trickle in, and soon almost everyone was spamming,

‘Your ship name’

George scoffed. He hadn’t realized people were actually running with this joke that far, making a whole ship name for it.

“Ship name?”

George echoed, finding it ridiculous. He’d had one dumb little Twitter interaction with the alpha. That’s it.

He leaned back in his chair, reading the chat’s reactions to him finding out about the ship name.

He then got another big donation, making his ears perk up slightly as his gaze shifted to the bottom right of the screen.

‘\$100 donation by AlphaX: Join my next stream. Let’s do it.’

George scoffed, rocking softly in his chair as he echoed the words out loud. He then mumbled,

“What is it you wanna do with me?”

His hand running his tail between his fingers before placing it in his lap, stroking it softly.

He knew exactly what this guy wanted, he was just teasing at this point. Mostly to get more money out of him.

He soon got another big donation,

‘\$100 donation by AlphaX: I’ll put my knot in you, make you feel good, kitty boy.’

George scoffed as he read it, putting on a slight grimace at the words. Rocking back and forth in his chair as he let the donation pass, refraining from answering.

His gaze dipped to the chat instead, his fingers lightly threading through the fur of his tail as he read what they were saying. His movements halting as he read someone say,

‘DREAM’

And another viewer writing,

‘Dream is watching!’

A small smile tugged at the corner of his mouth, a hot tingling feeling going through him as excitement began to build from hearing Dream was there. He was watching him, at that very moment. His gaze was on him.

“Dream’s watching?”

He mumbled, hoping his audience didn’t catch how his eyes lit up slightly just then. Sitting up in his seat as he suddenly felt more aware of himself.

Although he still wanted to confirm it before getting his hopes up, so he moved the cursor to click on the viewers list. His heartbeat speeding up as he waited for it to load. Almost holding his breath the moment the list of viewers appeared, gaze going down to where-

Dream wasn’t there.

He felt his heart sink, clicking out of the viewers list as he pouted.

“He’s not here, guys.”

He mumbled, sitting back again. Trying to seem casual about it, but it bothered him more than he wanted to admit.

He hadn’t heard from Dream since he posted their video the previous day. They had a little text conversation about the video and how it was being received, then that was it.

It was embarrassing, but he missed him. A lot. He missed his voice, his scent, his presence. He wanted to meet up with him again but he wanted Dream to be the one to initiate it.

George sighed, gaze drifting to the chat again. Reading the fast going messages before his gaze stopped at one specific message.

“Dreamnotfound..”

He mumbled, catching a few more people mentioning that same name.

He let out a soft scoff,

“Is that our ship name? Me and Dream’s?”

He asked, putting two and two together. And as he thought about it, he felt a tug at the corner of his mouth. A warm smile finding it’s way to his lips as he saw his chat spam the ship name more after he’d said it, a few others typing ‘Dream <3 George’.

He let out a light giggle, the smile on his lips lighting up his eyes.

“That’s epic..”

He mumbled, enjoying that name a lot more than ‘GeorgeX’.

Right then, he got another big donation. His gaze immediately snapping over to the bottom corner of the screen.

‘\$100 donation by AlphaX: so are we mating or not, kitty boy?’

George huffed, then sat up in his seat.

“Alright, fine. Let’s see what the audience thinks.”

He said, pulling up the function to create a poll in his chat. Speaking out loud as he typed,

“Should George.... Actually, never mind, let’s go with this..”

He said, deleting what he’d written before starting over.

“Who should George mate with, AlphaX or... Dream?”

He looked up at the camera with wide eyes, his mouth forming an ‘o’, trying to add some sort of shock factor to the second option. Typing it in before submitting the poll for the chat.

“Boom.”

He said, keeping his gaze on the poll as his viewers began to vote.

He wasn’t even sure why he’d typed in Dream as the second option, it could’ve been anyone, really. But maybe he was just the slightest bit curious about what his audience thought of Dream, and who they’d prefer.

“While we wait for the results, let’s Google AlohaX. Let’s see who this guy really is...”

George said, moving over to his browser and screen sharing it with his stream. Humming for a moment as he thought it over, before typing in ‘AlphaX height’.

Immediately, he was met by a small bio with information about the streamer. Making George scoff as he found the bit about his height.

“You’re five ten. Alright... that’s a.. height.”

He noted, before laughing. Nodding as he held a small mocking smile on his lips.

It was still taller than him, but not by a lot. Definitely not tall enough to be his type.

He watched his chat explode with reactions, some agreeing with him and some thinking he was being ridiculous for acting like that was short.

He giggled, biting his bottom lip.

“Dream is six foot three, by the way. He’s like a giant.”

He blurted out randomly, quickly realizing how weird it was for him to give such a random piece of information. It made him let out a flustered chuckle at himself, a small blush evident on his cheeks as he mumbled,

“I don’t know why I just said that.”

He shook his head with a small scoff, moving his fingers along the keyboard to make another search on this AlphaX guy.

He typed in,

‘How many subscribers does AlphaX have?’

The results came up with a little more than a million. It made him nod, making a slightly impressed expression. It was a few million less than what he had himself, but it definitely wasn’t bad numbers.

“Okay, that’s impressive. One million, a content king.”

He said, only slightly mocking the streamer for not being as popular as himself, scrolling on the page absentmindedly. Glancing at the images he scrolled past which were screenshots from streams this guy had done with other cam people. A small grimace on his face as he silently judged the suggestive positions they were in.

His gaze then flickered to the chat, noticing the poll results were in.

“Oh, the poll is done.”

He mumbled, pressing the results.

79% had voted in Dream’s favor, the rest went for AlphaX. George let out a laugh as he saw it, nodding.

“Alright, that’s the results! You guys don’t want me to mate with AlphaX, that’s your decision. Looks like I can’t do anything about that, then. It’s been decided.”

He spoke, putting his hands up in a gesture indicating it was completely out of his hands. A soft blush resting on his cheeks as his gaze flickered back to Dream being the winner of the poll.

He felt relieved and happy his audience hadn’t picked AlphaX, it gave him an excuse to reject the alpha without it coming from his own mouth.

“Looks like I’m gonna have to mate with Dream, then.”

He then said, jokingly of course. But technically, that was the results if the poll after all. Technically, he should do it.

He giggled as he read the chat dividing into two sides, one half going into protest over him mating with anyone, whilst the rest spammed ‘dreamnotfound’.

George bit back a smile as he sat up, his tail perking up behind him. A light in his eyes as he saw people spam the ship name of him and Dream. It was really amusing to him.

His gaze flickered to the watchlist, fingers itching to check once again if Dream was watching. But then he stopped himself from doing so, deciding he’d rather not know.

.

It was a few days later, and George was in the process of getting ready, checking himself in the mirror.

He’d been invited to an event that evening, along with tons of other streamers who did similar stuff as he did. They didn’t call it a porn convention, but it felt pretty close to it.

George had contemplated not attending, but the past few days he’d felt restless, bothered, and in dire need of a distraction.

The last time he’d heard from Dream was after posting their video. After that, absolute radio silence. He had not heard from him since.

And it bothered him. He found himself checking his phone pretty much constantly, hoping Dream had suddenly texted him. But, nothing.

He constantly wondered what he was doing, who he was with. Had their encounter just been a one

time thing, and he'd never hear from him again? Did Dream get the video he wanted, and didn't need him anymore?

He ran his fingers through his hair as he exhaled his frustration, feeling bothered by pretty much everything.

And sure, he could text Dream. He very much could. But he didn't want to.

He wanted to seem like he didn't care, like Dream wasn't even on his mind. He wanted to be the one who's hard to get, so he wasn't gonna text him first.

George gave his outfit another look, feeling good about what he'd picked out.

He'd gone with a pair of distressed, light washed jeans along with a forest green, oversized sweater. And for his neck, he'd picked a black choker with a silver ring in the middle.

He sighed as he left the mirror, grabbing his phone on the way towards the door. The device feeling useless in his hand as it remained painfully silent, with no texts from Dream. He almost didn't even wanna look at the screen, as he only knew he'd be disappointed when he did.

He also found himself pretending at times that he had actually received a text, but he was the one leaving Dream hanging. And when he didn't look at his phone, he could pretend this was the case. Maybe Dream had even spammed him, just waiting around for his response.

He liked to delude himself into thinking this way just to get it somewhat off his mind, allowing him to actually focus on anything else.

His heart would then always drop the moment he actually looked at his phone again, and was met by zero texts from Dream.

The moment George stepped past the sliding doors of the event, his ears began to flicker around as he picked up all kinds of sounds and chatter. At the same time, he was met by a bunch of pheromones in the air. Alphas, omegas, even betas gave off a faint scent. It was slightly overwhelming, as the place was absolutely packed with people.

Most people in this business were mated, however. So the strong scents didn't bother them as much, whilst for an unmated omega it could be quite overwhelming.

It was pretty rare to find someone like him, an unmated hybrid omega. Especially in the industry he was in. He hadn't met anyone else like him yet.

And maybe that's also why he was one of the biggest streamers on the platform. He was rare, and a lot of people probably tuned in to see if he's actually been mated yet.

The day he does do it, it's probably gonna break the internet. He felt pretty sure of it.

It had become such a big topic within the community, people were even making conspiracies,

claiming he'd actually been mated ages ago. They'd show evidence like pictures of him where it faintly looked like he had a bite mark on his neck, or pictures of his background looking different at times, as if he was living with an alpha. The absolute most ridiculous stuff that carried no weight to it at all.

Some would also speculate he'd mated with any of the other cam boys who was on the site, which also had no proof to back it up.

When he put out the video with Dream, the conspiracies were thrown left and right, the people conspiring about it having a field day. They were convinced the two of them had mated, finding George acted like an omega in heat around the alpha.

George had rolled his eyes and shut his laptop after he'd read that line, but then it stuck with him for the rest of that night. It made him feel embarrassed, that he'd come across that needy around the alpha.

Maybe that's why Dream ghosted him, cause he was too needy, too pushy.

"Georgeee!"

He turned around, finding an omega streamer he'd forgotten the name of approaching him with open arms. Hugging him tightly as they got close, making George feel slightly suffocated by the scent of tangy lemons.

"How are you? It feels like forever since I've last seen you!"

The streamer said with a bright smile, making George force a smile back. He hated causal socialization, this really wasn't his usual scene, at all.

Which is why he usually skips out on these events, but he was desperate for a distraction this time.

"I'm okay, thanks."

He said politely, whilst trying to be short with the omega. Putting down hints that he didn't want to talk.

He especially didn't want to tell someone how he was doing, as he wasn't a fan of talking about himself and his private life. Especially not with strangers.

"So I heard you had some alpha drama going on, how's that going?"

The omega asked, prying into his life despite George hoping he'd made it clear he didn't wanna talk about it.

“Alpha drama?”

He echoed, making the omega wiggle her brows at him suggestively.

“Yes, AlphaX really wants to mate with you, and then I heard something about some Dream guy?”

George scoffed. He thought AlphaX would lay that whole thing to rest after his latest stream.

“I’m not mating with him.”

He answered, gaze wandering around the place as he suddenly wondered if he’d run into that guy at the event.

“Oh really? Which one of them?”

George gave a shrug,

“Neither.”

The omega laughed at that, confusing George as he hadn’t made any jokes.

“And have you told him that?”

“Who?”

George asked, looking at the omega who was already looking over at something else.

“Him. Here he comes now.”

She said it in a slightly teasing tone, giving a nod towards whatever it was she was looking at. Making George turn to see exactly what he’d been dreading.

There he was, the AlphaX guy. Walking towards them with an overly confident attitude, gaze set on George.

The hybrid grimaced slightly, feeling nervous. He hadn’t been prepared for this. Having an exchange with the guy on Twitter or stream was a whole other thing than having to face him in real

life.

“Hey, kitty boy. When should we mate?”

AlphaX asked, making the omega next to George giggle. Clearly finding this situation far more amusing than George did.

George scoffed at the alpha, standing at almost the same height as him. Baffled as to how this guy could be an alpha.

He wasn't too fond of his scent, either. He smelled pretty bad. Like very old car tires, which had been drenched in some sour substance he couldn't quite put his finger on.

It was nothing like that comforting scent he'd felt from Dream.

He wanted to groan at himself for thinking of Dream just then. He had to forget about him, erase him from his memory. He'd probably never see him again, anyways.

“I don't wanna mate with you.”

George said just then, putting it down clearly. His tail whipping slightly behind him, giving away his annoyance.

AlphaX seemed amused by it, glancing at his tail.

“Spicy kitty boy! So cute.”

George rolled his eyes as he scoffed, his gaze wandering off, searching the place around them.

“But fine, I'll lay off the mating request.”

AlphaX said suddenly, making George look back at him again. The alpha then added,

“But I do really want to make a video with you.”

George gave a slight huff, not very into the idea himself.

Besides, Dream's one request when they signed their contracts was that he wouldn't make content with anyone else but him.

George bit at the inside of his cheek just then, realizing how pathetic he was being for still taking Dream's wishes into account. Dream was gone, hadn't contacted him in what felt like forever. He shouldn't have the right to have a say in this, or anything that George does from here on out.

"Is that a yes? Or a no? I can't read your mind, kitty boy."

AlphaX said as George got lost in his thoughts, stepping closer to the hybrid as the omega next to them suppressed a smile.

"Stop calling me that."

George said, feeling annoyed about the dumb nickname the alpha had for him. His tail still whipping behind him. It was something that was out of his control, his tail always gave away how he felt no matter how much he tries to hide it.

"I'll stop calling you that if you make a video with me."

AlphaX proposed, a dumb smile lingering on his lips.

"Why would I wanna make a video with you?"

George answered, making the alpha's brows raise.

"Cause I'm hot, and you're hot. We'd be hot together. I'm telling you, the viewers would love it."

AlphaX spoke, trying to sell him on the idea.

George stared at him, thinking of Dream. Stupidly always thinking of Dream.

Wondering what Dream would think of it, how he'd feel about the conversation they were having at that moment.

But then suddenly, he felt himself almost wanting to do it. Just to go against Dream's wishes, spit back in his face after the alpha had ghosted him the way he did.

Maybe he really should do it, put on a whole performance. Call him all the names Dream wants to be called. He might even send him the video after, as one last goodbye.

His heart ached at the very thought of saying goodbye to Dream, of going against his wishes. His one request.

But he swallowed down that awful feeling and gave a shrug.

"Alright, fine. Let's do it."

AlphaX looked like a child on Christmas, his entire face lighting up. He immediately pulled George into a suffocating embrace before picking him up in celebration. But he could only hold him up for a short moment as he clearly wasn't the strongest alpha.

He wasn't Dream.

George shook the thought, giving AlphaX a stiff smile as he stepped away from him. Feeling a bit icky as he could already feel the alpha's scent rubbing off on him.

"Wanna do it now? I have a room upstairs!"

AlphaX spoke, looking excited.

George's gaze flickered to the omega next to them, who seemed busy on her phone. He looked back at the alpha, feeling a bit nervous as it was all so sudden.

But perhaps it was good to just get it over with. Do it quickly before he regrets it or have second thoughts.

So he gave a slight shrug and a nod, mumbling,

"Alright, fine."

Which made AlphaX light up even more, wasting no time as he put his arm around George's shoulders before dragging him off towards the elevators.

"Nice... room."

George mumbled, looking around the hotel room AlphaX was staying in.

It was quite small, with a queen sized bed in the middle, which would probably be their recording stage.

He swallowed at the thought, feeling nervous. And wrong. It felt so wrong in his entire body, like he was actually cheating on someone.

It was nothing like how he felt when he recorded with Dream.

"Get on the bed, kitty boy. I'm just gonna get my camera out."

AlphaX said as he made his way towards his silver suitcase that stood in the corner of the room,

making George roll his eyes as he heard him use that nickname again.

George walked over to the bed, taking a seat by the edge of it. Scrunching up his nose slightly as he felt the scent of the alpha strongly in the room. He felt sorry for the people who were gonna clean it out after, they'd have to use a lot of scent remover to get this awful scent out.

He glanced over to see AlphaX setting up a tripod in front of the bed, angling the camera to make sure they would both be in frame.

It made George feel even more nervous, realization setting in that this was actually happening. Picking at his fingers as he bit the inside of his cheek.

But suppose this was his job, after all. And he can't stay loyal to some alpha who's not even speaking to him. That would be ridiculous.

"Hey, by the way..."

AlphaX spoke suddenly, taking George out of his thoughts.

"Why did you ban me from your stream the other day?"

George blinked, confused as to what he was talking about.

"I didn't ban you?"

He said, looking over at the alpha.

"Come on, kitty boy. You can be honest with me. Was it something I said that offended you, or..?"

"I did not ban you."

George repeated, feeling genuinely clueless as to what he was even talking about.

"When did this happen?"

He then asked, feeling curious himself as to what had happened.

"I was watching your stream, sent you a few donations and was just about to send another one as you were googling me, but I suddenly got a message saying I'd been banned from your channel and could no longer watch the stream."

George's gaze dropped, trying to figure out what that could've been.

"That's... weird. Maybe it was one of my mods."

AlphaX nodded, before cracking a smile.

"It's fine, I mean, I'm just glad it wasn't you, kitty boy."

George rolled his eyes at the nickname once again, looking away from the alpha as he finished setting up the camera.

"So. How do you wanna do this?"

AlphaX asked as he'd finished setting everything up, making his way around the bed to get to the omega.

George instinctively leaned away as the alpha got close to him. Scooting over slightly as AlphaX sat down next to him, putting some distance between them.

"I don't know."

George mumbled, glancing at the alpha.

"Maybe we could start out with kissing then go from there?"

The alpha suggested, glancing back at George with a suggestive look on his face. Clearly he was a lot more into this than George was.

"Uh, no. No kissing. I don't do kissing."

George spoke, his words surprising the alpha.

"What? No kissing? Why?"

"It's one of my rules."

"You have rules?"

George scoffed at those words.

“Yes.”

Of course he had rules, he had to have rules to preserve his image. He wanted alphas to drool over him, lust and desire him, whilst seeing him as someone untouchable. No one was good enough to mate with him, or even kiss him.

“Alright, what do you wanna do, then?”

AlphaX asked.

“I don’t know.”

George mumbled, sighing. Really not feeling enthusiastic about the whole thing.

“Maybe I could eat you out or something, then? Have a taste of your slick.”

George couldn’t help but grimace at those words, giving a small shrug.

“Maybe.”

He mumbled with another shrug.

“Alright, it’s settled then. So let me just.. before we start..”

AlphaX spoke as he pulled his phone out, going to his camera app before holding up the device as he scooted closer to George. Placing one arm over the omega’s shoulders as he angled the camera at them both.

“Smile, kitty boy!”

AlphaX said, making George pull a stiff smile as the alpha pulled his tongue out, trying to look suggestive as he took the picture.

AlphaX then pulled away, a smile on his lips as he said,

“I’m tweeting this, let’s give them a little teaser.”

George scoffed, digging his hand into his pocket and taking out his phone to check the tweet.

But as the screen lit up, he was met by,

'New message from Daddy Dream<3'

He froze, his heart making a jump in his chest. Seeing he'd received it ten minutes ago, and he had no idea.

"I'm getting so many likes already, they really love us together, kitty boy!"

George ignored AlphaX, unlocking his phone to read Dream's text,

'Hi :)'

He wanted to be annoyed with him. Mad, even. But seeing that text and the little smile next to it instantly put a smile on his lips, a sense of peace immediately settling in his stomach.

He put his bottom lip between his teeth, feeling warmth rush to his cheeks. Such a dumb reaction from such a simple text.

'Hi'

He wrote back, thumb hovering above the 'send' button for a moment before he actually sent it. Hoping he didn't come across as too eager, somehow.

"Who are you texting?"

AlphaX asked as George pocketed his phone again.

"No one."

George mumbled.

But as he looked around them just then he began to realize just how much he did not want to do this, and he did not want to be in that hotel room with him.

"Uhm..."

He spoke, standing up.

“I, uh, think I need to leave, actually.”

He said, quickly glancing around himself to make sure he didn’t leave anything important behind.

“What? Why?”

AlphaX spoke, making George give a stiff shrug.

“I just.. don’t wanna do this with you.”

He said, adding a small,

“Bye.”

Before bolting for the door.

The elevator dinged, followed by the doors opening for the omega who immediately stepped out of it. Hearing chatter all around and feeling a sense of relief as he got out of filming with that awful alpha.

And suddenly, as he looked around, everything looked a lot brighter. It was like his day had flipped around entirely, and the sun was peeking out.

It almost worried him just how affected he got by that small text, from hearing from Dream again.

Right then, he felt his phone vibrating in his pocket again, making him pull it out immediately. Feeling his heart race from seeing a notification that Dream had messaged him again. Unlocking his phone to read his text.

‘What are you up to?’

His phone then vibrated in his palm as he got another text,

‘I’ve been really busy with work so I haven’t caught your latest streams :(‘

It was like a rock the size of Mount Everest lifted from his chest, making George almost giggle from the relief. To find there was an actual reason for Dream’s sudden disappearance, was the best news he’d received all week.

Although it didn’t fully explain why he hadn’t texted him, either.. but he chose to take his explanation and run with it, feeling happy to have a reason for his silence.

Still, he didn’t wanna come off as too eager. Especially since he’d just gone almost a week being miserable and missing him, thinking he’d done something wrong when Dream was just busy. He had to turn this around, make sure Dream was the one doing the chasing.

'I'm at an event, it's really fun'

He typed out quickly.

The last part was a total lie, but he just wanted Dream to think he was having fun without him. That he hadn't even noticed him being gone, that he's absolutely fine and hadn't been constantly thinking about him the entire week.

George sighed happily after sending the text, looking around him. Searching the sea of unfamiliar faces all around him at the event.

And right then, he saw a face that wasn't as unfamiliar as the rest.

"Sapnap!"

He shouted, making the beta a few feet away turn around with a confused look on his face, gaze darting around for whoever had said his name.

But the moment he realized it was George, he cracked a big smile.

"George!"

He exclaimed, walking towards George who met him halfway.

"I didn't think you would actually show up."

Sapnap said as he got close to him, putting his hands into his pockets.

George gave a shrug,

"I was bored."

"Have you been here for long?"

Sapnap asked as they started walking together.

"A little while. That AlphaX guy just tried to film a video with me."

"What?! Where? Was it that dude who wanted to mate with you on Twitter? The one who wants to put me out of a job?"

Sapnap said, looking as if he was getting ready to fight.

George scoffed, his beta manager reminding him of a little fireball when he got angry.

“Yes.”

He answered, looking over his shoulder and worrying the alpha would appear again.

“I’m gonna beat his ass if we see him again.”

Sapnap said, making George smile at the visual of such an event.

Sapnap looked around them, as if keeping an eye out for the alpha. Almost like he was some type of bodyguard. A constant murmur in the building as people everywhere were chatting loudly.

“So, what have you been up to?”

Sapnap then asked, looking at George again.

“Uhh, I don’t know, videos and streams.”

George said as he pushed some hair out of his face, sighing softly.

“Right, you’ve been really active lately.”

George flashed him a smile,

“You’ve been watching me?”

Sapnap looked a bit flustered, quickly backtracking,

“No, no, what? You know I don’t actually watch your stuff- I’ve just seen you on my homepage a lot.”

“I’m on your homepage?”

George spoke with a teasing grin on his lips, making it sound almost like a crime.

“Of course you are, dumbass. It’s my job to keep you on my homepage.”

George gave a shrug,

“It’s okay if you watch my content, Sapnap.”

Still sounding a bit teasing in his tone, clearly trying to make his beta friend feel flustered.

“I don’t! I don’t watch it, you’re like a brother to me, George.”

George scoffed at that, refraining from returning the sweet words as he felt uncomfortable with that sort of thing. It meant a lot to him, and Sapnap was a dear friend to him and a surprisingly great manager, but he wasn’t gonna be sappy and speak about it.

Instead, George pulled a slightly mocking expression, making Sapnap push him slightly as he shook his head at him.

Sapnap took a sip from a soda he’d bought from a vending machine, looking around them as they walked.

“There’s pretty much all just brand deals everywhere. I’m surprised you showed up, I was planning on just representing you.”

He mumbled, making note of all the booths that lined the walls. Spotting a spokesperson for the brand standing next to the booth as they waited for streamers to approach and check out their stuff.

George huffed, having only been there for a little bit over an hour but he already regretted coming. He could’ve been home, streaming. Could’ve tried out one of those new toys that just arrived in the mail. This was such a waste of time.

All to get a distraction from a guy he barely even knew.

The omega pulled his phone out just then, a smile blossoming across his lips as he saw,

‘New message from Daddy Dream<3’

He unlocked his phone with eager curiosity, finding Dream had sent him a picture.

It was a screenshot of a tweet, made by AlphaX. It was the picture of the two of them in the hotel room, along with a text that said,

‘With my favorite omega’

Below the screenshot, Dream had written,

‘What’re you doing with him?’

George put his bottom lip between his teeth as his eyes lit up, his thumbs practically flying across the keyboard as he typed out a response.

‘Are you jealous?’

He sent the message, biting his bottom lip to suppress an excited giggle. Hoping to hear that he was.

It took a bit longer than a minute before Dream responded,

‘Just hoping you guys have fun :)’

George brows knit, feeling a bit bothered and confused by that response. He thought Dream was gonna say he’s jealous. He wanted him to say he’s jealous.

‘Are you really?’

“Kitty boy.”

George looked up from his phone as he heard the familiar voice of AlphaX, watching him approach him once again.

George glanced at Sapnap, finding his manager was busy looking at some product placement a few steps away, clearly oblivious to what was going on.

He bit his tongue from calling out for him just then, looking at AlphaX instead.

“What do you want?”

He asked, keeping an annoyed tone.

“What do you mean, what do I want? We’re supposed to record a video right now, why did you just leave?”

George scoffed, rolling his eyes.

“Hey! Get the fuck away from him!!”

Sapnap yelled out as he spotted the two of them standing together, launching himself at the alpha who was quick to step back.

“Woah! What the hell?”

AlphaX exclaimed as he stepped back, hands held up to defend himself.

George had to suppress a smile, watching Sapnap curse out the alpha and chase him away. He felt happy about having the beta as his guard dog, he was genuinely better than a lot of alphas at that. He was surprisingly fast, too.

He glanced back down at his phone just then, finding Dream still hadn't responded. It made his heart sink.

“That guy is such a fucking idiot, can he not find some other omega to bother with his horny ass pheromones?”

Sapnap complained as he came walking back. Throwing a glance over his shoulder to make sure the alpha was truly gone, chased off.

“They all want me.”

George said, making Sapnap roll his eyes.

“You being an unmated omega cat hybrid at an event filled with alphas like this is like dangling a piece of fresh meat in front of a cage filled with starving lions.”

George laughed at those words, finding it pretty accurate. Feeling proud of just how desired he was, despite how annoying it could be at times.

“I was in the middle of getting you a brand deal, too.”

Sapnap complained, looking over at the booth he'd been at.

George barely listened to him as he checked his phone again, feeling restless as he waited for a response from Dream. Rereading his own last sent text as he bit at his bottom lip.

‘Are you really?’

The omega sighed, pocketing his phone again as he went after Sapnap to another booth. Feeling a bit impatient as he wanted Dream to respond.

But he tried not to think about it, looking at whatever products they had at the booth, whilst he held his focus on whether his phone was vibrating in his pocket or not.

“You can take some free samples, if you want!”

A polite omega said to Sapnap and George, gesturing towards a basket full of sample sized product.

George and Sapnap both grabbed some, reading the packets.

There were two different colors, one blue and one red. The red one read,

‘Heat inducers’

And the blue one read,

‘Rut inducers’

George and Sapnap exchanged a look, realizing what this product was.

George had only really heard of stuff like this, but never tried it for himself.

Heat inducers are meant to cause a mini heat, make you experience a slightly lesser intense heat for only a few hours, instead of for several days. It shouldn’t affect actual heat cycles, either.

It was an item he’d always been curious about testing, but never quite got around to trying out. But he knew a lot of streamers used it, especially since heat and rut streams are so popular.

“This is interesting.”

George said to Sapnap, grabbing a few more of the heat inducers.

“You’re gonna try it out?”

Sapnap asked, making George nod in response.

“Why? You wanna watch?”

Sapnap gave a slight grimace to that,

“No, that’s disgusting.”

George scoffed, pocketing the heat inducer packets, feeling his phone vibrate against his hand in that moment.

It made his heart thump a bit faster, his tail perking up in excitement.

He immediately pulled out his device, going straight to his text convo with Dream. Reading his response,

‘Yeah :)’

Oh. Not the reply he’d expected.

George sighed, upset that Dream wasn’t jealous anymore. The implications made his heart drop, feeling undesired by the alpha.

He was just about to pocket his phone again and start another cycle of sulking over not getting texts from Dream for a few days, but then his phone vibrated again,

‘Wanna make another video soon? :)’

George exhaled slightly, feeling surprised, yet excited. His mind running with the possibilities of what they could do this time.

Maybe they could even stream it this time, would be even more fun with a live audience.

He had to bite back a smile as he typed back,

‘Sure :)’

His smile only growing bigger after he’d sent the text, excitement growing bigger and bigger in his chest.

And then felt his phone vibrate again, and he looked at it immediately,

‘Wanna do it tonight?’

His lips parted, his brain running through what he'd done that day, if he showered that morning. When did he last shave? Was he ready to see him tonight already?

Remembering he'd done all of that before the event, having even used some fancy body scrub on his entire body that morning, he actually felt more than ready to come over that night.

So, he quickly typed back,

'Sure'

George stuck around at the event with Sapnap for almost two more hours, eating some samples and chatting about life as they walked around.

His mood had entirely switched around from the moment he'd scheduled to meet up with Dream, and he felt jittery in his entire body with excitement. His tail perked up and swung happily behind him as he walked around, making it evident to the people around him that he was in a good mood.

George took an Uber straight to Dream's place after he'd left the event, not even feeling the need to go to his own place first. His phone was pretty good on battery, and he felt pretty confident that he could just stream the whole thing from the device.

He was almost shaking from excitement as he knocked on Dream's door, as he'd felt a tingling at the very pit of his stomach the entire elevator ride up.

As Dream opened the door for him, George had to truly strain to conceal his excitement.

"George."

Dream said as he greeted him, that comforting voice that reminded George of hot chocolate leaving his mouth. It was warm, comforting, and slightly sweet. Yet rich and deep.

"Dream."

He answered, watching as Dream stepped to the side, allowing him to enter.

George reveled in their height difference as he walked past Dream into the apartment, his tail brushing up against him in the process. Feeling embraced by the scent that belonged to the alpha as he did so.

He hadn't felt that scent in what felt like forever. The lingering scent Dream had rubbed off on him disappeared after a few days, and even his hoodie stopped smelling like him after a while.

Feeling his scent again was so refreshing, bringing him such comfort to his very soul.

Right as he was walking past the alpha, George felt Dream grab his wrist. It made his breath hitch, feeling the alpha pull him back before pushing him against the nearest wall. Towering over him as he held him there, trapped between his body and the wall behind him. Holding one of the omega's wrists pinned next to his head.

George looked up at him with large eyes, feeling a hot rush from the way he'd pushed him up against the wall.

He was then hit by his scent, as it was suddenly much heavier, carrying a spicy tint to it.

Reminding him of that time he'd arrived late, but way stronger.

It made him feel faint, his legs growing weak below him. Eyelids heavy as he watched the alpha dip down and smell his neck.

The omega's eyes fell shut, his lips parting. Tilting his head slightly to the side to instinctively present his neck to the alpha. Swallowing hard before he spoke,

"What're you doing, Dream?"

His voice airy, fingers itching to reach up and touch him. A tingling sensation coursing through his entire body from the heavy scent that embraced him. It made him feel all warm and foggy.

"You smell like that alpha."

Dream mumbled, pulling back with a disgusted expression.

"Does that bother you?"

George asked, opening his eyes to look up at him.

"Yes."

George had to suppress a smile from hearing the alpha admit to it, tipping his head back to rest against the wall. His entire face burning as his mind felt wrapped up by a fog.

So he was jealous after all.

"Why?"

He asked, wanting to hear more about his jealousy. Feeling hope start to rise in his chest again, the hope that had been shattered by Dream's texts earlier that evening.

“Who was it? Was it that AlphaX guy? What were you doing with him?”

Dream asked instead of answering him, his gaze focused on George’s lips before he looked into his eyes with a sharp intensity.

George really had to strain to not smile, loving every second of this. The alpha had acted so calm, unbothered and collected over text. But clearly, he couldn’t hide how he really felt once they were finally in the same room, facing each other.

George gave a shrug,

“Maybe.”

Dream drew deep breath, trying to keep himself calm but clearly struggling. Almost as if he was fighting against his own animalistic instincts.

His lips then parted, his voice sounding... different, as he spoke.

“Tell me. What you did. George.”

George’s brows hitched up just then, as Dream’s voice sounded more stern, demanding. And before George could even think, he was rambling out,

“AlphaX wanted to record a video with me.”

Dream balled his free hand into a fist next to George’s head as his grip on the omega’s wrist tightened. Seeming even more disgusted by the scent that lingered on the hybrid just then.

“Did you do it?”

He asked, jaw looking tense.

“No.”

George answered, feeling almost like he was under some sort of spell.

He stared at the alpha, feeling his scent grow heavier, the spicy tint stronger. Expecting Dream to curse out the other alpha, or react in some type of way. And he wanted to see it, prepared himself for it.

But instead of doing any of that, Dream shut his eyes and took another deep breath. He then tried to exhale slowly, putting all his focus into calming himself and his natural instincts down.

He then dipped down, his breath ghosting against George's neck as he leaned in close. Pausing right before his lips touched his skin.

It made George once again present his neck to him on instinct, goosebumps appearing along his arms as he felt Dream's hot breathing against his skin.

"Fuck. I hate that so much."

Dream mumbled, after seemingly having felt more of AlphaX's scent lingering on George.

He then inhaled sharply as he pulled himself back. Stepping away from the omega entirely and creating some distance between them. Clearing his throat as he tore his gaze away from him. His hand rubbing along his jawline.

"You should get changed. You can borrow some of my clothes, George."

Those words were like magic to George. Something he tried to conceal as he gave a slight scoff instead.

"Alright, fine."

Dream took a few more steps away, allowing George to collect himself for a moment, being freed from the strong alpha scent embracing him. His cheeks burning hot from the exchange they'd had just then.

And that voice... it took George a moment to realize, but Dream had used his alpha voice on him just then. Something an omega easily falls helpless to, obeying whatever orders the alpha gives out with that voice as if they've been put under a spell.

He'd never had anyone use their alpha voice on him before. He'd honestly been of the belief that it was just a mythical thing, or something that only worked for 'true mates'.

George let out a soft huff as he pushed himself away from the wall, bending down to take his shoes off.

"You didn't bring anything to film with."

Dream noted as George stood bent over, his tail in the air.

“I figured we could stream from my phone.”

“We’re doing a stream?”

George stood back up to look at Dream,

“If you want.”

Dream shrugged,

“Sure. That’s fine.”

Yet he did sound a bit nervous. Suppose it would be scary going on your first livestream. Doing a porn one, at that. Last time he joined in on his stream only George could hear his voice. This time, they’d both hear and see him.

George gave him a small smile, then turned around to walk into his living room.

It looked just the same as last time, making George feel all tingly as he was reminded of what they’d done back then.

“Where should we be, Dream?”

George asked, looking around. He’d only really been in the living room and one of the bathrooms, and he sort of hoped to see more of the place.

“We can be in my bedroom, if you want.”

George’s brows raised slightly at those words, his tail making a soft swoosh up in the air.

“Sure.”

He said, trying to sound cool and unbothered, whilst his perked up ears and tail definitely gave him away. Making Dream smile as he walked past him, leading the way towards his bedroom.

Dream’s bed was round and huge, reminiscent of a moon.

The bedsheets were white but the covers were a dark, forest green color, looking to be made out of silk.

The rest of the room held that same modern, minimalistic feel that the rest of the apartment had.

The walls were all painted white, except for the wall behind the bed as it was a wooden accent wall, the wood fitting nicely with the forest green covers.

On the opposite wall of the bed stood a dark green sofa, the same color as the bed covers. In front of it stood a glass coffee table with a polished, wooden decoration ball placed at the very middle of it. A very minimalistic, and quite pointless decor. But that ball was probably worth a ridiculous amount of money.

As George looked around the room, Dream poked at the display that hung on the wall next to the door, his fingers pushing some buttons that appeared to change the lighting in the room.

George felt intrigued by it,

“Make it just a bit brighter, just so the camera can pick us up.”

Dream did just that, making the lighting not too harsh yet bright enough for a livestream to see them.

Feeling pleased with the lighting, George turned to Dream with a smile. He then spoke,

“So, should I borrow one of your hoodies, then?”

“Yeah. Go pick something out from my closet. It’s the door behind you.”

Dream mumbled, pointing over at the door behind him.

George turned around, trying not to seem too eager as he walked towards the door that held all of the clothing the alpha owned. If they were mated, he’d probably grab about twenty hoodies to make a nest with. He’d feel so safe surrounded by that, the fabric soft and smelling like his alpha.

Dream.

Not, ‘his alpha’. He meant Dream.

Shaking those thoughts, George looked into the closet. Finding it was huge, suits and ties hanging along the walls. One wall was only mirrors whilst another was nothing but wooden, built in closets. He had a shoe rack on one wall as well, all of them looking huge. George found himself once again wondering if he got them custom made, or something. He’d never seen shoes that size in stores.

He walked around the walk in closet, taking in all the clothes. Running his fingers along the expensive fabrics, faintly wondering what Dream must be doing for a living, to have so much

money and wear suits so often. Every time they'd met up now, he'd been dressed up in a suit.

As George wandered, he pulled out a few drawers to check inside. Finally finding one that contained a few of the alpha's hoodies.

He pulled out a dark blue one, looking over the fabric like a child on Christmas. He then put it to his face and inhaled the scent, feeling his head spinning slightly as he was embraced by it. Warmth and comfort tickling his senses, his fingertips grasping at it as he felt his knees go slightly weak below him.

Forcing himself to pull away from it, George swallowed hard as he tried to regain his senses for a moment.

That was nearly embarrassing, he'd never acted like this around another alpha's scent before.

George shut the drawer again, before glancing over his shoulder to make sure Dream hadn't been watching all of that. Feeling relieved to find he wasn't there.

And since he was all alone in the closet anyways, George began to strip. Taking off everything except for the knee high socks he'd chosen to wear under his pants.

He then slipped on the hoodie, exhaling deeply as he felt the soft fabric on his skin. His fingers running down the front of it, loving how it managed to just cover his ass and crotch, whilst swallowing his hands.

Dream was gonna have to start buying more hoodies, cause he wasn't leaving that place without at least ten of those.

"Dream."

Dream looked up, watching George step out of the closet.

George walked towards him, holding two objects in his hands.

"You look cute."

Dream noted, making the corner of George's mouth twitch as he looked down at his hands, fumbling with the objects he was holding.

One of the objects, was his phone. The second, was the heat inducer.

He took the little sample pack between his fingers, holding it up for Dream to see.

“Wanna try this out for the stream?”

Dream’s gaze narrowed as he tried to read the small writing on the packet.

“What is that?”

A teasing smile danced on George’s lips as he lifted his eyebrows slightly.

“Yes, what is it, Dream?”

Dream huffed,

“George. I’m serious, what is that?”

He walked over to the omega, making George’s teasing smile grow as Dream tried to take the packet from his hand.

George swiftly stepped back, giggling at the alpha’s attempt at getting the object from him. It made Dream sigh before groaning,

“Georgeeee!”

“What? What is it, Dream?”

George said in a teasing tone, making the alpha make a slight roll of his eyes before he reached forward and grabbed both of his wrists.

George whined at his quick movements, the tight grip on his wrists. A faint huff escaping him as Dream got the packet from his hand.

The alpha then kept the grip on one of his wrists as he held the packet with his other hand. Reading the small text printed on the front.

“Heat inducer.”

His eyes widened, realization setting in on what he’d just read.

“Wait- what?”

Dream spoke airily, a spark of intrigue in his eyes as he looked at George.

“Should we try it?”

George asked, looking at the object between Dream’s fingertips.

“How does it work, do you take it or do I? Does it actually start your heat, George?”

“It should give me a less intense, temporary heat. I’m the only one who needs to take it.”

George bit his bottom lip to hold back an excited smile, feeling nervous and excited at the same time as he looked up at the alpha.

“Should I do it, Dream?”

Dream gave a faint shrug, giving the heat inducer back to George as he let go of his other wrist.

“Sure, I mean, yeah. Try it.”

George opened the small packet, finding a smaller pill inside of it. He poured it out into his hand, then put it in his mouth. Throwing his head back as he swallowed it down. Luckily it was small enough he could get it down without needing water.

He then blinked, looking up at Dream. Feeling hyper aware of his own senses, as he waited for anything to happen.

“Feel anything?”

Dream asked as he studied him.

George gave it a thought for a moment before he shook his head.

“Maybe you were scammed or something.”

George huffed at those words, but he couldn’t help but wonder the same thing.

“But we should start the stream. Maybe it’ll kick in as we’re live.”

“Yeah.”

George mumbled, bringing up his phone to go to his streaming app. His fingers feeling a bit tingly as he logged into his account, the room growing a bit hotter around him.

He swallowed, thinking it must be cause he’s wearing a hoodie. Maybe it’s hot in Dream’s room, or something.

He tipped his head slightly to the side, setting up for a stream. Typing in the title as,

‘Unmated omega hybrid takes heat inducer around alpha’

He felt proud over the title, knowing it was very clickable. Hell, he’d even click it himself if he saw that pop up.

He threw a glance up at Dream, his lips parting as he suddenly felt a lot more aware of his scent surrounding him.

And- oh god, his scent. Holy shit, it made his knees buckle slightly below him.

He tipped his head slightly to the other side as he gave out a soft whine, heat rising to his cheeks as he felt a growing urge to present his ass to Dream and have the alpha thrust his dick deep inside of him. His tail raised up as he thought about it, presenting his ass even as he stood up.

It was embarrassing, making him push his thighs together as he pulled on the hem of the borrowed hoodie, his other hand holding onto his phone as he bit his bottom lip in an attempt to silence any other embarrassing sounds before they could escape him.

“I think the, uh, inducers are kicking in, George. I can feel your pheromones growing stronger.”

George whined at Dream’s voice, that voice bringing him such comfort whilst making him feel like getting down on his knees and beg for his knot.

George tried to fight his own thoughts and instincts, his breathing a bit heavier with a slight shake to it. The induced heat kicking in more and more as time passed.

“Where- where do I put this, Dream?”

He managed to get out, holding the phone out. Ready to press the ‘go live’ button.

“Uhh, on the coffee table, I think is fine.”

Dream said, nodding at the glass table before he walked back to the bed.

George put it to stream from his front camera, before propping up the phone against the stable ball

decor, seeing Dream walk over and sit down on the bed on the screen.

It seemed like a good enough angle, and he was getting far too out of it to even think of coming up with anything better. So, he hit the button to go live, then turned to walk over to Dream.

Dream wet his lips as the omega approached him sitting on the bed, his legs spreading slightly as his gaze roamed the hybrid.

Fogged by a deep need to have the alpha inside of him, George straddled his lap. Hands placing on his steady, broad shoulders as he whined in a needy tone.

“Holy shit, George..”

Dream mumbled under his breath, hands going to George’s ass as the omega began to roll his hips down against his crotch, slick gushing out of him and soaking Dream’s pants.

George tipped his head back as he felt the alpha’s hands on his ass, a moan slipping out of him as he moved his hips faster. Feeling needy for more friction, the alpha pheromones making him feel so-

“Daddy-“

He moaned out, feeling Dream’s grasp on his ass get a bit firmer.

“George,”

Dream spoke in a low tone, his hands grabbing George and moving him to straddle his left thigh. Causing the omega to whine.

“Hump my leg, Baby. Show the stream what a needy hybrid kitten you are for your alpha.”

Dream mumbled in that same low tone, glancing over at the camera which was capturing all of this.

George whined as he tipped his head forward, looking down at Dream with a heavy lidded gaze. Locking eyes with the alpha and catching the absolute intensity in his gaze.

Just looking into his eyes caused a hot rush to go through him, his entire body feeling tingly. A soft moan escaping him as he dipped his head to place his forehead against Dream’s shoulder instead. Feeling overwhelmed by that exchange, his cheeks burning hot.

His mind was a complete fog as he could think of nothing but the alpha, and wanting to get impregnated by the alpha.

Should he ask him to knot him in that moment right then and there?

No. That probably wouldn't be a good idea-

"Knot me, Dream.."

The words came out of him as if his speech filter had been removed entirely, making him whine as he rolled his hips down against Dream's leg.

"Please, daddy... please..."

He whined, sounding embarrassingly needy. His cheeks a strong pink color as he parted his lips. Gasping out breathless moans as he rolled his hips in desperate circles, chasing his orgasm through humping the alpha's thigh.

God, was it embarrassing. This was definitely a stream he'd never be able to watch back after they're done.

Thankfully, this wasn't the first time his audience had seen him in heat. They knew he gets needy during heats, and acts nothing like his usual, unbothered self. But it somehow felt like he was even worse this time, when he had an actual alpha there with him.

And this wasn't even his actual heat. This was meant to be way less intense.

"You really want that, George?"

Dream mumbled as he stroked his hand along the omega's back, his hand going down to his tail, running it between his fingers.

It caused George to shiver, feeling the alpha run his fingers through his fur. A shaky moan leaving his lips,

"Yes, please- Dream--"

Dream's hand was quick to move to his ass, spanking him firmly. Making George whine as he felt a rush from it.

"Don't call me that."

The alpha said, voice about as firm as the hand on his ass.

George whined,

“Daddy...”

Dream’s hand ran back up George’s back, going underneath the fabric of his hoodie. His hand on his bare, hot skin, driving the omega insane.

“Louder George, I don’t think the stream can hear you.”

George grasped at Dream’s suit jacket, rolling his hips in faster, more desperate circles against his thigh.

“Daddy, daddy-“

He panted, speaking louder for the viewers. Trying to remember he was there to perform, look good.

So he tipped his head back with another moan escaping him, soaking Dream’s pant leg with his slick and precum as he kept rutting up against it.

“Please knot me, daddy..”

He cried, sounding embarrassingly needy.

He heard Dream give out a slight moan of his own as he said that, his pheromones growing even stronger. He was clearly trying to remain sane during this, make sure nothing like that actually happened.

Dream leaned back, putting both hands behind him as he let George hump his leg all on his own. Making the omega whine, wanting to keep the alpha close, have his steady hands on his body.

Looking for something to grasp, George’s hand moved to his own tail, grabbing onto it as he tipped his head back. Rolling his hips in a needy way as he panted, another few shaky moans slipping off his tongue, making his other hand go up to cover his mouth. Trying to silence himself, his cheeks hot with embarrassment from all the needy sounds he let out.

He was so close, yet he felt so unfulfilled. He wanted Dream’s dick inside of him, wanted to be knotted by him so bad.

“Please..”

He pleaded out faintly, his heavy lidded gaze falling onto the alpha, who was watching him with arousal clouding his own gaze. His lips parted as he was sat leaned back, trying his best to restrain himself.

“Dream..”

George cried out softly, looking at him with pleading eyes as he placed his hand on the alpha’s chest. Attempting to pout but struggling to hold the expression as he was too hot and bothered, too flustered.

Dream wet his lips, mumbling,

“Fuck..”

Under his breath. His hips jerking up slightly as he was looking for friction as well, making the omega whine in response as he bounced on his thigh.

Clearly, this was driving Dream insane, too.

Dream placed one lazy hand on George’s hip, almost as if making sure he wasn’t gonna fall off his lap or anything. Keeping him safe and secure.

But as George felt his hand on him, he moved his own hand to grasp it. Holding a grip on the alpha’s thumb as he moved his hand to the omega’s stomach.

George then placed the alpha’s hand flat against his belly, placing his own smaller hand on top of it as he looked at him,

“Let me carry your babies in here, Dream.”

Dream let out a breathless huff, gaze shifting from his hand on his stomach up to his face. Almost as if he contemplated throwing everything away for a second, just to give the omega what he was craving the most.

He then shut his eyes, a shaky exhale escaping him as he tried to keep calm.

“Please, Dream...”

George pleaded, his toes curling. His grasp on his tail tightening as his legs began to shake.

“George...”

Dream said, opening his eyes again, his gaze roaming his body. Looking at him as if he wondered how he could be real. Mumbling under his breath,

“Fuck, George..”

George grasped at the alpha’s hand placed on his stomach, wrapping his fingers around Dream’s

index finger as he shut his eyes and tipped his head back. Feeling so safe and secure as he had his hand there, fantasizing about actually being pregnant with his babies. That he'd been filled with his seed, and life was growing inside of him now.

Thinking about it, his circular hip motions became smaller and smaller before his breath caught in his throat, eyes rolling back as he felt his orgasm hit him like a wave. A faint plea rolling off his tongue, grasping at the hand Dream still had on his stomach.

He spilled cum onto Dream's pants, shaky breaths leaving his lips as he rode out his orgasm, rutting against his leg. Feeling a hot rush from having the alpha watch him come, feeling his burning gaze on him.

It made George open his eyes, teary gaze looking at the alpha and feeling absolutely devoured by the look he gave him in return.

He wanted him, so bad. In that moment he didn't care about keeping himself unmated, to uphold some sort of image for his audience.

He wanted to be mated by Dream.

George let out a soft whine at the thought, hanging his head forward as he felt heavy and weak from the orgasm he'd just had. And the fake heat that had been induced by the pill wasn't as strong as it was when this all started, so it might actually be going away faster than he thought it would.

He felt Dream thread a hand through his hair, tipping his head back slightly.

"You're so pretty, George. Such a good little omega, humping my leg. You came all on your own, did so well."

George whined at the praise, his heart clenching. His cheeks feeling hot from embarrassment at the mention of him humping Dream's leg.

In that moment he felt overwhelmed, his brain fogged up by heat pheromones. Heavy lidded gaze resting on the alpha who was watching him with such hungry eyes.

And suddenly, he couldn't hold himself back anymore.

Without the slightest warning, George leaned forward and crashed his lips against Dream's.

He felt Dream freeze up against the kiss at first, before kissing him back. Pushing that hand into his hair as he tipped his head to the side, deepening the kiss.

George moaned into it, his tongue trying desperately to push into Dream's mouth. Another moan

slipping out of him as he felt Dream's tongue press against his own.

This was something he'd never done before.

He'd never kissed any of the alphas he'd recorded with, that was...

That was one of his rules.

He'd completely forgotten about his own written rules in that moment, and even as he remembered he didn't part from the kiss. His hands shaky as they grasped at Dream's shoulders, his suit jacket, going up into his hair. Feeling the alpha push his tongue into his mouth as he leaned forward, bringing their bodies closer together. Pressing one hand firmly on the omega's back.

George could barely breathe, following along with the kiss as his head kept spinning. The fact that they were streaming this entirely forgotten, the world feeling devoid of any other person that wasn't the two of them in that very moment.

He moaned softly against the alpha's lips, his back arching to get closer to him. Feeling tingles run up his spine, breathing heavy against his mouth.

As he got lost in the heated kiss, one of his unsteady hands moved down Dream's body, going to his crotch, where he was already feeling his hard on rub against his left thigh through the alpha's pants.

His fingers found Dream's belt, undoing it in a desperate haze as he was panting against the alpha's tongue. He then pulled the zipper down, eagerly undoing his pants to finally get his hand on his dick.

He felt Dream's breath hitch against his lips as the omega wrapped his fingers around the length. He was so hard, it made George's head spin. Feeling proud over the fact that he'd brought him to that point, turned him on that much.

George panted against Dream's lips as he parted from the kiss, keeping his eyes shut as he lifted himself up on shaky legs. Fingertips holding onto the alpha's length as he guided it to his entrance. His breath hitching as he felt the tip press against his heavily slicked up hole, the area slippery.

He let out a soft whine, holding the alpha's dick in place as he rubbed the tip against his rim. Listening as Dream was breathing heavy, but did nothing to stop him or help him.

George felt tears of desperation start to collect below his closed eyelids, trying to push the tip past his rim but struggling to get it inside. It was too slippery with slick, and his dick was just too big.

"Dream--"

He whined, trying one more time. Holding his dick steady before sitting down on it. A gasp escaping him as he felt the thick tip finally push past the rim.

It stole his breath away, throwing his head back as he felt a rush through his entire body. Feeling an aching yearning for babies, sinking down on the tip that felt like it would tear him in half. Tears streaming down his face whilst he craved even more of it, his hands trembling as one of them placed on Dream's shoulder. A soft, broken moan falling from his lips.

"Oh, fuck."

Dream mumbled under his breath, both of his hands grabbing onto George's hips firmly. Stopping him from pushing any more of his dick inside of him, having only managed to put the tip inside.

"Fuck- we- we can't, we can't, George."

Dream said, clearly straining. Making the omega cry out as if he was some child being denied candy at a candy shop.

"Please, Dream.."

He felt Dream's grip on his hips tighten, before he began to lift him up, off his dick.

George clawed at his shoulder as he whined at the loss, feeling so insanely empty as the alpha pulled his tip out of his hole. Some trapped slick gushing out of him, the tip of Dream's dick glistening as it was coated in it.

Dream then put him back down on his thigh, ignoring the omega's whining for his cock.

Dream ran one hand through George's hair in an attempt at soothing the omega. George listened to his heavy breathing as the alpha then pressed his lips to his forehead, his hot, heavy breathing hitting his skin.

The omega kept his eyes shut, feeling embraced and slightly comforted by the warm scent of the alpha. Trying to calm himself down from the intense need and desire he had to put his dick back inside of him.

"You'd hate me if I let that escalate, George."

Dream mumbled against his skin, making George whine softly. He wanted to argue against it, but then there was a part of him that knew Dream was doing the right thing. He was being the sane one of the two, actually thinking about the consequences of their actions.

George wet his lips, feeling Dream place a few comforting kisses to his forehead. He then felt him move his lips to kiss his cheek, then down to his chin, his jaw, his neck, his-

Wait, his neck.

No hickeys. That's another rule. No-

George clenched his hand into a fist, stopping himself from actually telling Dream not to mark him up. Feeling his lips against his neck and hoping he actually would leave something behind. A reminder that he's been there, his lips has touched his skin.

His lips parted as he felt Dream lick a spot on his neck, before parting his lips around that same spot, placing a hickey on the right side of his throat. A soft moan escaped George as he felt the alpha lightly sucking on the skin, keeping it between his teeth.

He moved his hands to grasp at Dream's suit jacket as he felt him release the skin he'd been marking, a soft sound escaping the omega's lips as he felt more slick come out of him. Panting softly as he wanted to beg for more, to have him bite down properly and make him his. Give him an actual mating bite.

He tipped his head slightly to the side, allowing the alpha more access to his skin. Feeling him softly suck on another patch of skin, making George's eyes roll back as his legs shook below him. Unsteady fingers grasping at the alpha as he kept placing marks along his neck, almost teasing him by not placing a proper mating bite.

Still, hickeys were enough to put a temporary claim on him. Showing the world that he belongs to someone.

Not to mention how he was scent marking him like crazy. Licking his skin, have the omega wear his clothes. Rubbing up on him the way he did. George would be surprised if his own scent was even detectable at this point.

George kept moving his hips in small, needy movements as the alpha worked on his neck. Humping his leg and rubbing his thigh against the alpha's dick, feeling some of his precum smear against his bare thigh. Loving the way Dream's breath hitched against his skin at certain points.

George counted to about ten hickeys before the alpha pulled back, heavy lidded gaze meeting with George's. He seemed somewhat lightheaded too, probably intoxicated by all the pheromones George was giving off.

It made the omega whine, feeling all warm from knowing he had an effect like that on the alpha.

Dream leaned back in again to place a kiss by his ear, before whispering,

“You should probably end the stream, George.”

Making the important decision for them both, as this was clearly going in a direction that was a bit too far for what they’d intended with all this.

George gave a nod, listening obediently to the alpha. The heat inducers still lingering in his system.

His legs were shaking as he lifted himself off the alpha’s lap, catching the absolute puddle of slick he’d left on his leg as he put his feet on the floor.

A small, embarrassed whine escaped him as he avoided the alpha’s gaze. Turning to walk on unsteady legs all the way over to the phone that still stood propped up, the chat going faster than ever.

He picked the phone up, the device almost burning his hand from the overheated battery. Clearly, it wasn’t made to handle such a big stream.

He glanced at the viewer count, expecting something between 50k to 100k like his normal streams would bring.

But as he looked, he found they were at 350k live viewers. Suppose that title intrigued some people, many probably thinking he’d actually get mated this stream since it was such a high risk scenario.

George huffed, feeling a bit overwhelmed by the number of people watching. Reading the chat spamming ‘don’t end’ and ‘dreamnotfound’ and other similar messages, along with proposals to mate with him instead.

George hit the end stream button, feeling too dizzy to try to read the chat properly. His hands a bit shaky as he moved his fingers across the screen.

Once the stream had ended, he put the phone down, turning around to face Dream. Seeing the alpha had tucked his dick back into his pants.

Dream ran a hand over his face, looking to the side,

“Holy shit...”

He mumbled under his breath, George’s cum and slick still on his pants.

George stared at him with a heavy lidded gaze, trying to keep the distance they were at since he didn’t trust himself getting any closer to the alpha.

He still wanted to mate with him. Badly. And he almost succeeded with doing it just now as well. And as long as that desire was strongly at the very forefront of his mind, he had to keep a safe

distance between them.

No matter how much he wanted this alpha to impregnate him, to lodge a knot deep inside of him, he had to hold back. Had to control himself, think about the risks, the commitment.

He drew a calming breath, shutting his eyes as he wet his lips.

These heat inducers would subside soon, and then he'd be clear headed again, with no more desire to be mated by Dream.

Dream went and took a shower, leaving George with some alone time to clear his head, return to normal. He rubbed his face as he paced along the wooden floor of Dream's bedroom, groaning softly as everything around him smelled like the alpha. Even the clothing on his very body.

He grabbed the front of the hoodie, burying his nostrils in it before inhaling deeply. A small whine escaping his throat at the scent of the alpha, his knees buckling below him as he thought about mating with him, making him push his thighs together. Feeling more slick gushing out of him, running down his thighs.

Forcing himself out of such thoughts, George tipped his head back and exhaled deeply. Pushing his hand through his hair as he tried to clear his head.

Dream offered him a shower before he left to have one himself, and George was starting to actually consider it. More than that, it almost felt necessary for him to take one. Wash off and clear his head from all the alpha pheromones.

He walked to the closet, trying to stay clear headed whilst surrounded by Dream's intoxicating scent. His gaze running along the racks of clothing and shoes.

Dream had told him he could borrow whatever clothes he needed, and grab any bag he wanted and use it for his own clothing, since he hadn't really brought any bag of his own when coming over.

It was nice of him, and it made George excited as his gaze fell on the designer suitcases that stood lined up against one of the walls.

He walked over to them, hands running along the expensive cases before grabbing the smallest one. He then unzipped it, placing the bag onto the floor before stuffing it with the clothing he'd arrived in.

Once the clothes was in the suitcase, he took a look at it. A small scoff escaping him at how dumb it looked, one entire suitcase for one single outfit. It was ridiculous.

He looked up from the case, gaze roaming the clothing all around him.

Dream did say he could borrow whatever clothes he needed.

George barely allowed himself to think about it before he began to stuff the case with the alphas clothes, grabbing a few t-shirts, pants, an entire suit that was clearly tailored to fit Dream perfectly and would look ridiculous on George. He still took it, though.

He then went to the drawers that had his sweatpants, grabbing three pairs. One he planned on wear that night.

And finally, he got to his hoodies. Limiting himself to grabbing just five, and leaving Dream with barely any left.

George stared at the drawer, seeing how emptied it had gotten. The logical, smarter part of his brain faintly reminding him of how insane this was, and most of all noticeable.

He then shrugged, carrying the pile of hoodies to his suitcase like a raccoon after digging through trash. His tail swinging happily behind him as his ears were sharply listening after the alpha to make sure he wasn't coming back to catch him this way.

He could barely shut the suitcase as he was finished, the small case not meant for a robbery of this size.

But once he'd finally got it shut, George sighed happily. Feeling content, excited. His omega brain knowing full well what he'd do with all that clothing once he got back to his apartment.

He'd put aside one hoodie and a pair of sweats to wear after showering, grabbing the folded up clothing before taking off to the bathroom.

"Oh, good. You found something to wear."

George looked up as he was coming out of the bathroom, slightly startled from hearing the alpha's voice suddenly. A few drops of water dripping down his forehead from his newly washed hair.

"Uh, yeah."

He said, feeling a bit tense as he remembered the suitcase filled with stolen clothing, waiting for him in the closet.

“So how are you feeling, George?”

Dream then asked, hands pushed into the pockets of the sweats he was wearing. Along with it, he wore a white t-shirt. It was strange seeing him in more casual clothing that wasn't a suit and tie.

“Good.”

George mumbled, feeling a lot more clear headed after the shower. The effect from the inducers had almost entirely subsided, which was a relief as he wasn't sure how long he'd stay in that state.

Dream nodded,

“So, do you wanna sleep here tonight or are you heading back home?”

George gave a faint shrug,

“I don't know.”

Not wanting to come off as clingy whilst still sort of hoping he could stay the night.

He just wanted Dream to be the one to say it.

“You could sleep here, if you want.”

George nodded, hiding his excitement over the alpha's offer as he pretended he was contemplating the idea for a moment.

“Maybe.”

He then answered, looking over at Dream.

Dream cracked a smile,

“Let's head to bed, George.”

He then held his hand out, offering for George to take it. The gesture so small and almost silly, but it made butterflies flutter in George's stomach. Pulling a slight face at Dream as he took his hand. Feeling Dream intertwine their fingers, his larger hand so warm and secure as it wrapped around his.

They then walked off towards the bedroom, George's sweats bundling up by his heels as he'd

forgotten to fold them up this time. A jittery feeling in his stomach over the very concept of sharing a bed with the alpha.

George sighed softly as he got in under the covers, the sweats discarded next to the bed. Now laying entirely naked from his waist down in Dream's bed.

Oh well, it wasn't the first time he was half naked around him. Wasn't even the first time that day. He'd just humped his leg a few hours prior, nothing was more embarrassing than that.

Being reminded of what they'd done during the stream, George felt the pink hue return to his cheeks. Suppressing a flustered sound as he thought about it. The needy behavior he'd displayed, along with the words that had fallen from his mouth.

It was so embarrassing.

As George was deep in thought, Dream suddenly shut the lights off by swiping on the display next to the door. Leaving them in darkness, where George suddenly got a lot more aware of his own breathing.

His gaze searched, looking around in the dark until he found Dream's faint silhouette, walking towards the bed.

The bed then dipped, as the alpha got in under the covers next to him.

George turned his head to face him, feeling the alpha's pheromones embrace him. It was so calming, comforting, yet made him feel so hot and bothered.

He turned his entire body to face him in the bed, sighing as he sunk into the pillow. Gaze resting on the faint silhouette of Dream.

He wondered for a second, if the alpha was gonna offer to cuddle him, or something. But then, that wasn't exactly their relationship, was it? This was all business, after all. They make videos and streams together, that's it. They have good chemistry that works really well on screen, and they clearly turn each other on.

It was a perfect work relationship for porn.

But beyond that, it's not like they're actually a couple, or anything. Nor did they have plans for this whole thing to progress to that.

Sure, George had felt a deep desire in his very gut to mate with him just a few hours ago, but that was clearly just the heat talking. And Dream was clearly just the closest alpha around. He'd probably act the same around any alpha in that situation.

"George?"

Dream spoke just then, interrupting his thoughts.

“What?”

George mumbled, gaze shifting up to look at the faint silhouette of the alpha.

“That... guy, the, uh, alpha X dude.. are you actually planning on mating with him?”

George let out a faint scoff, tangled with a confused,

“What?”

Finding the very concept so ridiculous, that question didn't even need to be answered.

Of course he wasn't gonna mate with him. He had absolutely no interest in the guy.

“Answer the question, George.”

Dream mumbled, sounding serious.

Was he serious?

“Why are you asking me this?”

George said instead, trying hard to make out his facial expressions in the dark.

“I just... I wanna know, George.”

He could hear Dream shift slightly in the bed where he laid next to him.

“Would it bother you if I did?”

George asked quietly, feeling more curious over the fact that Dream brought it up rather than wanting to answer his question.

“Yeah.”

Dream admitted through an exhale, making it sound like he got something off his chest that had been resting there for a while.

George felt his face grow hot, a jittery excitement rushing through him.

Dream was jealous.

George sunk a bit deeper into his pillow, gaze locked on the alpha next to him. His heartbeat speeding up the more they talked about this.

“How long have you been thinking about this, Dream?”

“I don’t know, I guess since you first interacted with him. The tweets and the stream, then you seeing him again at that event. And it’s not like you ever rejected him or anything.”

“You saw the stream?”

George asked, figuring he must’ve seen clips of it on Twitter or something. Cause he wasn’t there when he checked.

“Yeah. Although I left after he made that donation about putting his knot in you. You didn’t even deny it, George. You just sat there with a smile on your face and let him and everyone think you were gonna mate.”

“I wasn’t smiling.”

George mumbled in his defense, remembering grimacing at that donation he’d been sent. Having no desire to have that guy’s knot inside of him.

“You were kinda smiling.”

Dream pushed.

“No, I wasn’t.”

Dream exhaled as he ran a hand over his face,

“Whatever. It still bothered me, George. I even went back and banned him from your stream. But then of course he had to be at that event today.”

“You’re the one who banned him.”

George stated, feeling quite shocked at the fact that he hadn't figured that out earlier. Hadn't put two and two together.

Dream has mod privileges, and he dislikes AlphaX. Of course Dream was the mod who banned him. He felt like an idiot for not thinking of that sooner.

"Yeah."

Dream mumbled in response, not one ounce of regret in his voice.

George's gaze dropped. Dream had left his stream after that, apparently. And then he hadn't heard from him for days after that. Did that mean he-

"Is that why you didn't talk to me until today?"

George asked, gaze shifting up to look at the alpha again.

Dream cleared his throat,

"Uh, yeah."

"So all this time you've been mad at me?"

"Not.. mad. More like, disappointed, I guess."

"Why?"

"I don't know, you kept flirting with that guy. It annoyed me. Made me feel like... I don't know, I guess it was just pointless for me to be there. It's like you didn't care about me."

George scoffed, sitting up in bed. Looking down at the alpha,

"You're ridiculous, Dream."

"I'm not, though.."

Dream mumbled, hand going out to run up George's arm,

"I just don't like to share."

George's gaze roamed the alpha's face, picking up on his features much better now as he was getting used to the dark. His hybrid traits giving him an advantage in eyesight, as well.

It allowed him to see Dream's eyes, the way he looked up at him. The way he held this serious expression on his face, showing that he meant every word.

Suppose he did. The omega was sat in his bed, wearing his clothing, the alpha's scent clinging to his skin along with the hickeys he'd placed on his neck.

There was no denying it, George belonged to Dream now. And the alpha was making sure everyone else knew it, too.

George let out a faint huff, lips parting as he was about to speak. But he struggled to find the words.

That whole time, he'd felt ridiculous for missing Dream and being upset about his silence. He felt like he was the weird one for getting so attached when they barely even knew each other.

But turns out, all that time Dream was sulking because of his jealousy. Possibly feeling just as attached as he did. It wasn't just him who felt it.

George laid back down again, gaze flickering up at the ceiling. The silence holding a thick tension that neither of them knew how to break.

They knew this whole thing was nothing but business. What they'd done together just that same evening, it was just work. They both knew this. They'd signed contracts for this.

Yet, in that moment, it felt like a lot more than just that.

.

George blinked a few times, slowly waking up as light seeped in through the window at the ceiling.

Wait.

He didn't have a ceiling window in his bedroom.

His gaze darted around the room, disoriented for a few seconds before he remembered where he was.

This was Dream's bedroom.

And he was in Dream's bed.

He inhaled deeply, feeling the alpha's pheromones strong in the air, embracing his entire being.

But it wasn't just his pheromones that embraced him. George registered a warm body pressing against his back, face tucked into the nape of his neck. An arm thrown around his waist, hand loosely pressed against his chest, right on top of his heart.

Dream was spooning him.

George sighed softly as he shut his eyes again. Feeling a warm sense of belonging in his arms, which held a faint familiarity about it. A strange feeling of being home.

They laid so entangled, even George's tail was wrapped around Dream's leg. And they laid close enough for George to feel the alpha's clothed dick pressing in between his bare asscheeks, something that made George feel hot all over as he registered it.

The omega turned his head slightly, curious to see if Dream was still asleep or not. Catching a peaceful expression on his face as the alpha seemed to be in deep sleep.

George held his gaze on the alpha for a moment, biting down on his bottom lip as he wiggled his ass back just the slightest. Watching as Dream's brows knit in response, before he instinctively pushed back against the omega, pushing his hardening dick even further in between his cheeks.

George turned his head forward as he felt his face growing hotter. Wetting his lips as he subtly moved his hips to rub Dream's length between his asscheeks. Loving how he could feel it grow harder, the tip pressing against his entrance every time he repeated the motion with his hips.

He could feel slick coming out of him from the teasing motion, combined with the pheromones in the room. It made his eyes slip shut as he pressed his lips together, muffling the moan that almost slipped out of him as he kept soaking Dream's clothed dick with his slick.

"George?"

His eyes opened as he halted his hip movements, Dream's morning voice deep and warm. The word brushing against his neck, causing faint goosebumps to appear.

“Dream?”

He mumbled, sounding a bit dazed, out of breath. His gaze darting around the floor. Following lines along the wood grain, his heart speeding up slightly.

Dream drew a deep breath before exhaling slowly. His breath hitting George’s neck and causing him to shiver slightly, his eyes falling shut once more.

“What’re you doing, George?”

Dream mumbled, a faint smile evident in his voice.

“Nothing.”

George breathed, feeling his face grow hotter.

Dream let out a faint scoff against his skin, before sighing deeply.

“You hungry?”

He then mumbled, hand running down the front of George’s chest to then rest at his hip instead. Making George shift slightly,

“Maybe.”

Dream huffed lightly against his neck, before leaning closer to his ear, whispering,

“You sure seem like it.”

As he pushed his hips forward, making George bite back a moan as the alpha pushed his hard on between his asscheeks, pressing against his entrance.

George exhaled faintly as he pushed back against it.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about, Dream.”

He mumbled airily, feeling the alpha keep his hand on his hip, dipping it slightly. His fingers teasingly close to his crotch.

“Oh yeah?”

Dream spoke close to his ear, causing more shivers to run through the omega.

“Why are you so wet, then?”

George bit down on his bottom lip to suppress a moan, pushing back against the alpha’s length.

“Did the heat inducer not wear off yet?”

Dream then asked, making George scoff airily.

But of course, it must be the heat inducers. He didn’t even think of that, but it made absolute sense to him now.

That’s why he was acting so needy.

“Maybe.”

He mumbled, tipping his head back slightly as he felt hot all over, the feeling of Dream’s dick rubbing between his cheeks driving him absolutely insane.

“Alright..”

Dream mumbled, his hand moving to pull down his own underwear. Pulling his dick out before rubbing it against George’s asscheeks.

George’s brows hitched up slightly, his heart making a jump in his chest. Pushing his ass back on instinct as he wanted to be knotted by that dick.

“Cross your legs and keep them closed, George.”

The alpha ordered, something George followed with slight confusion.

He then felt Dream push his dick between his thighs, right where he’d created a tight space by keeping his legs closed.

George’s lips parted from the strange sensation, feeling the slicked up dick rub right below his ass, the tip rubbing against the underside of his dick and balls.

He squeezed his thighs together as much as he could, moaning softly as he felt the alpha begin to fuck his thighs, his length so teasingly close to his actual hole. An unsteady hand moving back to bury his fingers into Dream's hair.

He then felt the alpha use one hand to reach around and wrap his fingers around George's leaking dick, jerking him off with fast movements as he kept fucking his thighs.

George tipped his head back as he moaned, feeling Dream pant softly against his neck. His lips parting around his skin before he began to place another hickey there.

It made George's eyes roll back, his legs shaking slightly as he strained to keep them squeezed together, struggling to form a tight space for the alpha where he had a natural thigh gap.

He felt Dream hold a tight grasp on his hip as he picked up his pace, his breathing picking up along with it. Licking at George's neck right where he'd placed the hickey.

George felt overwhelmed by the whole thing, soft moans escaping him as he grabbed at Dream's hair, his other hand grabbing at his pillow. His tail still wrapped around one of the alpha's legs, where it slithered seductively, brushing along his skin.

"Dream.."

George moaned softly as he felt himself grow close. Listening as Dream let out a moan against his skin, his thrusting getting faster, harder and more irregular as he seemed close, too.

"Fuck- you feel so good, George. You're so good."

Dream panted against his skin, the slapping sound of skin against skin bouncing off the walls with every thrust he did.

George's toes curled at the praise, his fingertips loosely resting against Dream's scalp as he let out a shaky moan.

And with the way Dream was jerking him off and fucking his thighs, George soon felt his orgasm wash over him.

His cum spilled onto the bedsheets as his breath hitched, airy moans slipping out of him as bliss tickled all of his senses. Feeling Dream pick up his pace as he let out a shaky,

"Fuck.."

Against his skin.

It didn't take long before the alpha did one last hard thrust and came.

George moaned as he felt his cum hit his dick, balls and slicked up thighs. Along with it, he felt the alpha's knot expanding as he stayed with his dick pushed between George's thighs.

It made the omega gasp softly, loving the way the knot was expanding and pressing against his inner thighs. A needy moan escaping him as he felt it press against his rim, finding himself wishing that knot was lodged inside of him instead.

"Oh, oops. Shit."

Dream mumbled under his breath as he noticed his knot expanding.

"I didn't think that would happen."

He added, making George scoff airily. Squeezing around the knot as he contemplated how something like that could ever fit inside someone like him. It felt massive.

"You just knotted me, Dream."

George spoke faintly, making a small joke. It made Dream huff.

"Yeah. I did."

"Will I get pregnant now?"

George asked, feeling his entire body perk up from the very idea, even though he'd only said it as a joke as it was obviously impossible. He couldn't get pregnant from the alpha simply fucking his thighs.

"I don't know, maybe."

Dream spoke, clearly teasing. Making George scoff softly.

He then felt Dream lean a bit closer, pressing his lips against one of George's pointy, furry ears. He then parted his lips around the ear, placing it between his teeth in a teasing manner. Barely biting it.

George reached up and swatted the alpha away from his ear, a warm flush on his cheeks from having the alpha play with his sensitive ears like that.

"What're you doing, Dream?"

He mumbled, right as Dream pulled away from his ear.

“They’re so cute. Your ears are adorable, George.”

Dream said, a faint fondness lingering in his tone. One of his hands reaching up to scratch behind his ear like he would with a house cat.

It made George scoff. Although he couldn’t help but tip his head slightly to the side, leaning into the head scratches as his eyelids drooped. His ears flicking as he began to instinctively purr.

The alpha’s knot soon deflated, and Dream pulled back out of the tight space created between George’s thighs, before he pulled back from him entirely. Groaning as he rubbed his face with his hand.

George looked at him, his tail slithering aimlessly as if missing the warm body it had just been hugging, whilst his entire body felt that yearning all over.

He then glanced down, his hand reaching between his thighs to feel the cum Dream had left there.

There was so much of it, George felt tempted to scoop some up and push it inside his hole instead. Just to see what would happen.

Shaking the thought, George scooped up some cum with his finger, to instead bring to his lips.

“Dream, look.”

He spoke, gaining the alpha’s attention. He then locked eyes with him as he licked the cum off his fingers, making Dream’s lips part as he stared.

“You’re disgusting, George.”

The alpha mumbled. Although the expression on his face was telling George he was thinking something completely different.

George scoffed, wetting his lips as Dream tore his gaze from him.

And in that moment, George realized something.

They hadn’t recorded this.

No stream was watching them, either.

This was just them, getting off together. Acting on an instinctual need, a desire for each other.

It was the first time he'd ever done anything with anyone off camera. It's usually all for content, to show off for an audience. Put on a show, an act.

If there's no camera around, then what was this all for?

"Alright. Let's go eat something."

Dream suddenly mumbled, pulling George out of his thoughts.

The omega tried not to dwell on it much as he followed the alpha out of bed, both of them slipping on some sweats before walking to the door to have breakfast.

"Have a look and see if there's anything you like on there."

Dream said, handing George a tablet where he could scroll through the menu of a food delivery service.

"Order whatever you want. Except for coffee."

"Why not coffee?"

George asked, having no plans on ordering it anyways.

"I really hate coffee."

Dream said, followed by a slightly nervous chuckle,

"I can't even stand the smell, it makes me gag. So don't order that, George."

"I don't like coffee, either."

George mumbled, looking back at the screen in front of him.

"Oh."

Dream said, taking a seat next to him by the table.

"What else do you not like?"

George gave a shrug,

“I don’t know.”

“Do you drink tea?”

“No.”

“Me neither. Alcohol?”

George gave a slight shrug with one shoulder before saying,

“No.”

Dream’s brows raised slightly, having found someone who shared quite similar tastes as himself.

“You really don’t drink alcohol?”

“Not really. I think sometimes, maybe. If I’m offered, I guess. I don’t know. I guess it doesn’t interest me much.”

Dream nodded.

“I’ve never had a sip of it in my entire life.”

“Why?”

“I just don’t want to.”

George nodded, giving a slight huff.

Dream then resumed with his questions about food.

“Do you like pineapples on pizza?”

George cracked a faint smile.

“I haven’t tried it.”

He then glanced up at Dream,

“Do you?”

“Yeah. It’s fine.”

George pulled a slight grimace at that, just from knowing the debate around it.

“Do you like steak?”

Dream asked next.

George looked at him, feeling like the alpha’s tail would be wagging in that moment if he was a dog hybrid.

“I don’t know, I haven’t had it in a while.”

Dream’s brows lifted, before he got a determined look on his face, with a sprinkle of excitement thrown in there.

“I’m making you steak someday.”

George cracked a smile at that, kinda loving the idea of watching Dream cook for him.

“Okay, Dream.”

He mumbled, a smile dancing on his lips as his index finger swiped along the screen to scroll down all the delivery options.

“What about avocado?”

Dream then asked, reminding George more and more of an excited dog.

George grimaced at that, shaking his head.

“Whaat?! You don’t like avocado? George!”

George looked at him with a sparkle of amuse in his eyes,

“What? Why’s that so important?”

“It’s so good! You can’t actually- I swear- have you actually tried it? You just haven’t had a good one.”

George scoffed, finding it amusing how the alpha wouldn’t even let him answer in between his ranting. But Dream seemed like a man on a mission now, grabbing the device from George’s hands to type in something himself.

“What’re you doing?”

George asked, watching him act with fast movements. Typing in something with quick fingers.

“I’m ordering a whole bunch of avocados. I’m gonna find you a perfect one, George. I’m gonna make you love avocado.”

“You can’t just make me like it, Dream.”

George said with a smile on his lips, finding the whole thing a bit amusing.

“Just trust me, George. You’re gonna love it.”

It took about fifteen minutes for the delivery guy to call Dream’s apartment and ask to be buzzed in. Once all the ordered items was in the apartment, Dream put all of it on the kitchen island. Unpacking a whole bag filled with at least twenty avocados, along with some bread and a few other breakfast items George had put into the cart before Dream decided to go on a whole avocado mission.

George sighed as he sat down by the kitchen island, watching Dream pop two pieces of bread into

the toaster behind him before he went back to the bag of avocados. Spilling them out onto the marbled surface countertop before getting a knife.

George watched him in silent amusement, gaze following as Dream grabbed the first avocado.

“Trust me, you’ll love this, George.”

Dream reassured him once again, his hand juggling the avocado a few times before squeezing it, checking its firmness.

His brows then knitted, and he shook his head.

“Not that one.”

He mumbled, chucking the avocado off onto the floor.

George’s brows shot up with a laugh escaping him as he saw him carelessly discard the avocado, allowing it to roll off on the floor as he grabbed another one from the pile in front of him.

“Dream..”

He mumbled, a big smile on his lips.

“What?”

Dream mumbled, a focused look on his face as he held the next avocado up to his face, checking it’s color carefully.

He then began to squeeze it to check the firmness, before letting out a slight,

“Tsk,”

As he threw that one to the floor as well.

George laughed even harder the second time, feeling quite amused by all of it.

“I will find it, George. Just you wait, I’m gonna find the perfect avocado that will blow your socks off.”

Dream said, grabbing the third avocado.

“I’m not wearing any socks.”

George said. A warm, fond smile lingering on his lips.

Dream scoffed, looking closely at the avocado in his hands. He then huffed, giving it a quick squeeze before chucking that one too.

“This is ridiculous, how are they all bad?”

He said as he grabbed a fourth one, handling it with the same inspection as the previous ones.

“I don’t know, maybe all avocados are bad.”

George teased.

Dream shook his head at his ridiculous statement, before throwing the avocado off to where the others had landed.

“You’re an idiot.”

He mumbled fondly, grabbing yet another avocado. The pile looking smaller and smaller by the minute.

George’s gaze flickered between Dream and the green fruit in his hand, watching as he had a contemplative look on his face. Focusing as he squeezed it a few times.

“Hmm,”

He hummed, placing the fruit onto the cutting board that laid next to the pile of avocados.

He then began to slice the avocado open, the omega watching his hands work. His tail perking up slightly at the sight of the veins in his hands, his ears sharpening at the sound of the knife cutting into the avocado.

Dream then parted the avocado in two, lifting one of the halves to smell it. He then put it back down, inspecting the color of both sides.

George looked at it too, seeing a regular, green avocado. Wondering if Dream was seeing something else.

“Alright, I think this is the one, George.”

Dream said, turning around to grab some spice and salt. He then grabbed a spoon and used it to dig into the avocado, seasoning the spoonful amount before walking around the kitchen island, stopping in front of George.

The omega looked up at the spoon Dream held in front of his face, then at him.

“Open your mouth, George.”

Dream said, his voice dipping low.

“Dream...”

George whined, not a fan of having to try the food he already knew he didn't like.

“Just try it, George. I know you're gonna love it.”

George's gaze flickered between him and the spoon, a grimace on his face.

“Oh Georgee, I know you want tooo..”

Dream sing sang, trying to get him to open his mouth.

George rolled his eyes, keeping his mouth shut.

“Open your mouth, Georgeeee.. be a good little kitten, Georgeee..”

Dream kept on teasing, making George scoff.

“You're so annoying, Dream.”

He mumbled, then proceeded to part his lips for the alpha.

Dream smiled at the sight, wasting no time as he moved the spoon to push it into his mouth.

George's ears folded back, his eyes shutting as his lips closed around the spoon. Feeling Dream push it in a bit too far, making him whine in protest as his hand went up to grab onto Dream's wrist, fingertips holding a light grip on it.

“Gotta make sure you get everything, George.”

Dream said, a familiar darkness dressing his his words.

He then pulled the spoon out, the entire thing clean of any avocado as George had everything on his tongue.

He began chewing it, feeling the taste fill up his mouth as he blinked a few times. Ears still folded back as he tasted the substance, tail whipping slightly behind him.

“You like it?”

Dream asked, sounding intrigued.

George began to shake his head, the taste filling his mouth and making him grimace. He definitely did not like it.

Feeling he couldn't even swallow it down, he stood up, running over to the sink where he spit all of it out. He then rinsed his tongue for a moment before shaking his head, trying to forget the disgusting taste altogether.

“That was disgusting, Dream.”

He said, turning to the alpha.

“What? You're lying, George. You are lying!”

“I'm not lying! I hated it.”

“You did not hate it, there's no way..”

Dream said as he walked around the kitchen island, getting himself a spoonful of avocado. Using the same spoon that had just been in George's mouth. He then seasoned it quickly before putting it in his mouth, tasting it before shaking his head.

“What're you talking about? That's so good- that's like, George- that's a perfect avocado, how do you not like that?”

“I don't know, I just don't.”

“You're lying, George.”

“I'm not lying!”

Dream grabbed one of the finished pieces of toast from the toaster, placing it on the cutting board. He then grabbed a bowl and began to put all the avocado into it, shaking his head at his failed attempt with George.

“What’re you doing?”

George asked, watching him grab a fork which he then used to mash the avocado with.

“I’m making some avocado toast. It’s delicious, George.”

“I don’t want any more avocado, Dream.”

“I didn’t say it was for you, idiot. This is for me.”

George scoffed, but was relieved to find he wasn’t gonna force feed him any more avocado.

George ended up convincing Dream to fry an egg for him, watching Dream eat his avocado toast as he stood by the stove, frying eggs for the both of them.

In the meantime, George ate the second piece of toast Dream had roasted. Munching on it happily, appreciating having something to wash away the avocado taste with.

Once the eggs were done, the two of them went to the living room and ate in front of the big screen Dream had there. They got started on some series none of them had seen before, and finished the eggs pretty quickly but kept on watching the show.

Once the episode was finished, they started up the next one. Enjoying a chill Saturday just the two of them, feeling no rush or any obligations as they sat in the sofa together. Slowly they were gravitating closer to one another, inching closer and closer until they were full on cuddling.

George was happy he’d done a stream just the night before, feeling he could take the day off and just hang around with Dream.

But right as he thought about it, it sort of dawned on him,

“What do you work with, Dream?”

The alpha was tracing small circles on George's hip, his movements halting for a moment as George asked the question. George's tail laid slithered around Dream's wrist, the warm fur hugging around the alpha's forearm.

"I'm the, uh, head of a company called Smile tech."

George's eyes lit up. He'd definitely heard of that company before. It was one of the biggest, leading tech companies in the world.

He kinda liked their branding as well, as all their products and hardware had a little smiley on it.

George swallowed, suddenly feeling like he was spooning some celebrity.

"Oh."

He pushed some air out his nostrils, adding,

"Aren't you too young for that?"

"Not really. When you're a dominant alpha you get somewhat of a head start in life. I went up in ranks pretty quickly from the moment I joined the company."

"A dominant alpha..."

George echoed, mocking it slightly whilst instinctively pushing his ass back against Dream, feeling a bit hotter suddenly.

"Yeah."

"Will you take me there sometime, then?"

George then asked, wanting special privileges because of their relationship.

"I don't know, maybe. What, is this you trying to take advantage of me or something, George? Now that you know what I work with."

George scoffed at Dream accusatory tone.

"No. Not at all."

“Alright, so what would you wanna do there?”

George turned slightly to glance at him.

“We could record a video there.”

“What?”

Dream spoke airily, trying to sound like he found the very idea absurd yet struggling to make the tone of his voice convincing of that.

“That’s not... no, we can’t do that, George.”

“Why not?”

“Why? Cause it’s a tech company, idiot! They have cameras everywhere, there’s no way we’d get away with that.”

“Well aren’t you the boss, or whatever? Couldn’t you just tell them to turn the cameras off, or something?”

“No. You’re an idiot, George. I’d lose my job.”

Dream said, placing his chin against George’s shoulder as he seemed done with the discussion, wasn’t even gonna entertain the thought.

“Would you really?”

George mumbled, purring softly on instinct as Dream was cuddling him.

“Yes.”

Dream answered, a smile on his lips. Seemingly fond of the purring that came from the omega.

“How do you know? Have you tried it before?”

Dream buried his face into George's shoulder as he groaned,

"Georgeee."

"What, Dream?"

"Stop being an idiot. We're not recording porn at my job."

George scoffed, yet he couldn't help but feel a bit disappointed. He could imagine that video would get lots of views, a lot of people would probably like to watch the head of Smile tech banging a hybrid cat omega in his office.

George shifted slightly as he thought about it, rubbing up against the alpha behind him. A soft sigh escaping him as he felt Dream start to trace circles on his hip again. It made him start doing faint kneading motions against the sofa with his hands, an instinctual motion that often went hand in hand with his purring.

It was so comfortable being in his arms, it felt like nothing in the entire world could hurt him in that moment. If anyone as much as tried, he knew Dream would break every bone in their body before they'd get to him.

Him being a dominant alpha made sense. He carried such a secure, protective and safe energy. Whatever omega he'd end up with would never have to fear for anything for the rest of their lives.

"Why have you never mated with anyone, Dream?"

George asked, a genuine question. He knew he personally had his own reasons for it, a lot of it being tied to his career, but he didn't understand why someone like Dream would walk through life unmated.

"I've been waiting for my true mate."

George faintly tasted the words in his mouth, his gaze dropping.

"You believe in that?"

He mumbled faintly, gaze slightly unfocused.

"Yeah. I mean, it's been proven most people have a true mate. I know I do."

“How do you know that?”

Dream fell silent after the omega’s question, making George blink his gaze back into focus.

“Dream?”

“Yeah?”

“You didn’t answer my question.”

He could feel Dream’s chest expand as he drew a deep breath, sighing softly.

“I just know.”

George ended up staying at Dream’s place for the rest of that day. They watched tv at first, but it soon escalated into them just talking. Ignoring what was happening on screen as they got lost in their conversations. Getting to know each other’s favorite foods, sharing childhood memories, talking about weird experiences from their past.

George couldn’t stop smiling as Dream told him about the time he’d taught his little sister how to ride a bike. It made him long for the day he’d get to meet her, which was a thought he quickly had to shake as he truly had no actual reason to ever meet up with her.

But the two of them kept talking, and when night came they decided George would just stay the night again.

It was the weekend, after all. He could take a bit of time off. Whatever emails he had waiting for him back at his apartment could wait.

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“Am I live? Hello. Hi. I am live.”

George spoke to his audience, glancing at his own reflection at the bottom of the screen to make sure he was in frame.

He was using Dream's laptop to stream, which he'd placed on the coffee table in the alpha's living room. The angle wasn't the best as he sat on the sofa, but it would have to do.

His gaze flickered to the fast going chat, watching them greet him excitedly whilst also throwing a bunch of questions as to where he was.

He clearly had a very different background, and most realized he wasn't at his apartment.

It was his third day staying at Dream's place, and he had the whole place for himself as the alpha had went off to work that morning.

They hadn't exactly spoken of when George would go home, and he'd just gotten so comfortable he kept forgetting to bring it up.

Dream fed him well, gave him a nice big bed to sleep in, cuddled him and showered him with attention. He even let him borrow his clothes. George found no reason for why he should leave.

He pulled on the front of his borrowed hoodie, burying his nose into the fabric to feel the alpha's scent. It tickled his senses, made him feel all warm and comforted.

He couldn't help but feel slightly weird with Dream not being around suddenly. He'd gotten so used to having him constantly by his side these past few days.

The sound of a donation brought his attention back to the screen, gaze snapping over to read it.

'\$70 donation by gnfmeowmeow: where are you??'

A small smile blossomed across George's lips.

"Hmm, where am I, guys? Can anyone guess where I am?"

He teased, watching the chat spam their responses. People guessing, 'your alpha's house' 'new apartment' 'Dream's place' 'AlphaX'.

George bit his bottom lip as he read the chat, catching only a few guessing correctly. It surprised him, he thought it would be more obvious than that, considering last time they'd seen him he was at Dream's place.

But maybe they figured he'd left by now.

George sat back, feeling amused by all the guesses.

“Maybe I won’t tell you guys where I am, actually. Keep it a mystery.”

He said, pulling his feet up on the sofa, pressing his knees to his chest. Gaze resting on the fast going chat as he sighed softly. His ears flickering slightly as he heard faint, unfamiliar sounds throughout the apartment. The dishwasher working in the kitchen, a few birds chirping outside. The faint sound of a car horn from the bustling city below the tall building he was in.

His ears sharpened as he suddenly heard the sound of a larger donation come through, making him lean forward slightly to read it.

‘\$100 donation by gnfbooty29: did you actually mate with Dream?’

George let out a faint scoff as he read the donation silently.

“What? No, I haven’t mated with anyone.”

His gaze shifted to the chat, seeing them spam all kinds of conspiracies. A lot of them seeming like they didn’t believe him.

George rolled his eyes at the ridiculous comments thrown at him, most of them thinking he’s a liar. He sat up slightly just then, wearing Dream’s hoodie and a pair of shorts he’d borrowed from him. The shorts almost fit him as regular pants as they were oversized and really baggy on him.

Still, just because he’s wearing the alpha’s clothing, smells like him, and has faint marks left by him lingering on his neck, it doesn’t mean they’re mated.

He rubbed his neck absentmindedly just then, right where the faint hickeys still dressed his skin. His gaze resting on the chat.

He then received another donation, making him halt his movements as he read it.

‘\$69 donation by gnf_lover: show us your ass, baby’

George scoffed as he read it, a slight teasing smile finding his lips as he mumbled,

“No.”

His gaze then lifted, as he looked around himself. It would be quite weird for him to do a full on cam show in someone else’s apartment, right? Especially when Dream wasn’t even home.

But then, as he thought about it, he got strangely turned on. Biting his bottom lip as he pushed his thighs together. Gaze wandering as he shamelessly started thinking of ideas on where he could do such a thing. Perhaps he could even leave his cum somewhere for the alpha to find later. Just to mess with him.

Suddenly feeling excited about the concept, George stood up from the sofa. Grabbing the laptop along with him, before he began to walk off. Exploring the apartment all on his own. And about 80 000 viewers.

“So, I haven’t even fully explored this place before..”

He said to his audience, who were still clueless as to where he actually was.

He began looking around the place, going down the hallway where Dream’s bedroom was. Peeking inside as he contemplated it.

He was well familiar with that room at this point, but he wasn’t sure if he wanted to do another cam show in there. He should probably switch up his scenery.

Deciding on this, he turned around and walked off, spotting another door that he hadn’t checked yet. Throwing one glance at the chat right before opening it, where he found almost everyone was spamming,

‘Dream’s place!’

‘DREAM!’

‘He’s with Dream!!’

A smile found his lips as he shook his head. Feeling surprised by how quickly they managed to connect those dots from accidentally catching the familiar background from his latest stream. All because he peeked into his bedroom for a few seconds.

He didn’t say anything to confirm or deny it, though. He simply pulled their attention away from it as he grabbed the handle of the next door, saying,

“I’m gonna see what’s behind this door. Ready guys?”

He prolonged it for a moment before finally opening the door, revealing a....

Bathroom.

It was just a bathroom.

He huffed, his shoulders dropping, along with his smile.

“Guys. It’s just a bathroom, look.”

He said, showing the camera as he turned the laptop around. His gaze taking in the bathroom along

with his audience, finding Dream had an electric Smile tech toothbrush and some deodorant laying by the sink. He quickly turned his laptop back around, mumbling,

“Hope I don’t leak any of Dream’s secrets now.”

Before wiggling his brows in a teasing way.

He then paused. Eyes falling shut as a smile blossomed across his lips. Air pushing out of his nostrils.

He’s the biggest idiot. He just gave it away. Now they know for certain he’s at Dream’s place.

He sighed, looking at the chat. Watching them spam that he’s at Dream’s place, mocking him for accidentally slipping up and giving it away.

“Yeah I just gave it away, like an idiot. I’m at Dream’s place, guys.”

He mumbled, shaking his head at himself for being so dumb. Reading a few mocking messages which made him groan. Rubbing his face as he held the laptop with his other hand.

Suppose the secret is out, then.

He glanced at the chat again, catching someone who’d commented,

‘Is that a hickey?’

He tore his gaze away, pretending he hadn’t read that. Shutting the door to the bathroom again before going to find the next room.

“Okay, guys, this next room... I’m not even supposed to show you guys this, but this next room is..”

He teased his chat as he’d found another unexplored room, hand on the door handle. Having no clue himself as to what was inside.

“It’s.. I can’t believe- I’m not even sure if I’m allowed to show this on stream. I might get banned.”

He said, dragging it out. His audience yelling at him to just open it already. He even got a \$50 donation just telling him to open the door.

It made him laugh, loving how annoyed they all got with him.

After teasing them for a moment, he finally opened the door. Looking inside before showing the stream. Finding it was some type of... guest room.

A queen sized bed stood pushed against the right wall, with a vanity standing against the opposite wall. The large window on the opposite side of the door gave a nice view of the city below.

He walked into the room, finding a fluffy, white rug below his feet, one that stopped right before reaching the bed. The bed itself had baby blue bed covers, matching well with the light blue, almost white, painted walls.

George walked into the room, his fingers reaching out to run along the bedcovers.

“It’s a bedroom.”

George mumbled to his audience, glancing around the place as he found it might be a good spot to stream at.

He put the laptop down on the vanity in front of the bed, lining it up and making sure the whole bed was in frame before he stepped back and got onto the bed.

He sat down in the middle of it, on his knees. Hands pressed flat against his thighs as he looked at the laptop, struggling slightly to read anything his chat was saying as it was a bit far away. But he could still sort of read it, as he usually did quite well with reading from far distances with his hybrid sight.

Right then, he spotted a comment that said,

‘Why’s his clothes so baggy?’

He scoffed softly, pulling on the sleeves of the hoodie as they swallowed up his hands entirely.

“My clothes- these aren’t my clothes.”

He mumbled, directly responding to that one comment without addressing them.

He then sighed, looking around himself. Contemplating how to start. Glancing at his chat again to see people now spamming how he must be mated since he’s wearing Dream’s clothes.

He scoffed. If only they knew that for the last three streams or so he’s been wearing Dream’s clothes every time. This wasn’t a new thing or anything.

“Guys! What should I do?”

He said, bringing their attention to him. Watching the chat immediately forget all about the topic of his clothing, and instead start spamming him with directions on how to touch himself. People suggesting he should show his ass, finger himself, jerk off for the camera, suck on his fingers, ride an object. All kinds of suggestions.

He put his index finger to his bottom lip as he read the chat, flashing big eyes at the camera as he ran his finger along his lip. Teasing them, mostly.

He then wet his lips as he read a donation that came through.

‘\$169 donation by Pool_Of_Cum: take your shorts off. show that ass’

George huffed, biting on his bottom lip. Finding he was left with no other choice than to do just that.

“Alright, pool of cum.”

He mumbled, slightly mocking the name. He then turned around, moving slowly, teasingly. Folding himself over on the bed, pressing his cheek against the bedcovers as he pushed his ass up in the air. His tail perked up and excited as his cheeks felt all warm.

No matter how many times he did this, getting undressed on camera always made him feel flustered.

George wet his lips as he moved his hand back, hooking his thumb on the waistband of his shorts. He then began to pull the shorts down, doing it slowly and teasingly. Revealing more and more of his ass to his audience.

He let out a slight, flustered sound as he dropped the shorts to rest by his knees, feeling exposed in front of so many viewers. Wiggling his ass teasingly, making his tail swing softly.

His hand went up to run his fingers through his tail just then, humming as it made tingles shoot up his spine. Taking a hold of his tail as he pushed his ass up further into the air, giving all the alphas watching a full view of what they could have in their wildest fantasies.

He knew they wanted him so bad, he loved picturing them sat there with their dicks leaking, just thinking about driving their knots deep inside of him. Claim him, make him pregnant. Become the luckiest alpha in the world.

He moaned as he visualized it. Big hands placing on his ass, as a big dick pushed inside of him. Too big for him to handle, making him gasp and struggle to breathe for a moment. A low, comforting voice telling him he’ll be okay. Telling him he’s such a good kitten, handling it so well. A comforting scent embracing him as the alpha would keep pushing deeper inside of him.

He buried his nose into the fabric of Dream’s hoodie as he panted softly at the fantasy, spreading his legs as he let his audience watch his fluttering hole. The way slick gushed out of him as he laid there all needy and ready for a knot.

His toes curled, as he whined softly against the fabric. His hand stroking his tail which sent shivers up his spine. Moving faster as if it was a length he was stroking.

He grasped at the bed covers with his other hand, picturing the alpha in his fantasy thrusting in and out of him, going fast and hard. That it was this imaginary alpha who grabbed at his tail, holding onto it as he kept fucking him.

It would bring tears to his eyes, make him lose his mind entirely. He'd be so filled up he wouldn't be able to form a proper sentence.

He pushed his ass up even more as his back arched, panting softly as he thought about the alpha's length pushing in and out of him. How it would be so big, he'd barely be able to fit it at first. The tip alone would drive him absolutely insane, the stretch of it feeling like he was being torn apart.

A moan slipped out of him just then, along with,

"Dream..."

His breath hitched, realizing he'd accidentally moaned out for the alpha. Pressing his thighs together as slick was still gushing out of him, running down his legs.

He'd just moaned out for Dream.

Why?

Dream wasn't even around, he had no reason to call out for him.

His cheeks burned hot as he pulled the fabric of the borrowed hoodie off his nose, opening his eyes as his fantasy was starting to reveal that the mystery fantasy alpha had Dream's face. And hands. And body. And scent. And dick.

He swallowed hard, blinking a few times. Wondering if he was crossing some type of line by fantasizing about Dream. Especially since the alpha wasn't even there.

Trying to push the fantasies away, he grabbed at the bed covers with one hand, as his other hand moved from his tail, down to his ass.

He focused back on teasing himself and the audience, running light fingertips along his ass and circling his hole. Making his rim flutter as it was eager to be filled with something, anything.

He parted his lips slightly as he moved his hand to actually rub a finger against his rim. A soft moan escaping him as he teased it, feeling more slick coming out and coating his finger.

His eyes fell shut as he went back to picturing all the alphas watching him in that moment. His ears twitching softly as he heard a few donations coming through, which he didn't even look at. But he knew it was just mindless praise at him for being such a good little omega, presenting himself so well to all the alphas who desired him so much.

He bit down on his bottom lip as he finally began to press his index finger past his rim, a muffled moan escaping him as he kept pushing the digit further inside. His mind taking him back to how much harder it had been to get just the tip of Dream's dick inside of him.

Just thinking about it, his legs shook slightly, making him push his thighs together as his back arched. Moaning softly as he kept pushing his finger deeper inside of himself.

He then slowly began to fuck himself with that same finger, pushing it in and out of his hole in a slow, teasing pace. Coating the finger with slick as more kept on gushing out of him, dripping down onto the bed covers below him.

He felt a flush of embarrassment over it, knowing Dream would find it later and need to change it. But he was also excited at the concept, it made him move his hand even faster as he kept fingering himself. His dick twitching and leaking some precum onto the bed covers as he kept going faster.

He whined, pushing his ass up into his finger in a needy way. Wishing it was an actual alpha's dick. Wishing he could get filled up and pumped full of cum.

His mouth fell open at just the thought of it, hand moving a bit more irregularly as he panted softly. He was always so good, didn't he deserve to get impregnated? Hadn't he been good enough?

He added a second finger, moaning at the added stretch. Working his fingers fast as his legs shook slightly. The wet sound caused by him fingering his slicked up hole loud in the silent room.

He let out light moans to match his own thrusts with his fingers, his mind once again going back to the fantasy he had of the big alpha with the big hands. Trying hard to erase the fact that he had Dream's face.

But as he became more and more aroused, he found himself not caring if it was weird that the fantasy alpha had Dream's face. It was turning him on, and that's all he cared about in that moment.

Imagining it was Dream doing this to him almost made him whimper, pushing his ass up further into the air as he softly moaned out the alphas name.

"Dream- Dream- daddy- Dre- eam.."

He got out, picturing Dream using his fingers to make him feel this good. Telling him with that warm voice of his just how good he was being for him. His large hand holding a comforting grip on his ass to keep him in place, as his other hand worked on pushing his fingers in and out of him, driving him insane.

He gasped softly, before letting out another moan. Feeling himself getting close to the edge from the fantasies he was having. Picturing Dream leaning down to lick up some of his slick, before spitting on his ass. He'd then spank it before telling him what a needy omega he was being.

George's breath hitched before he let out a broken moan, feeling absolutely breathless as he imagined the alpha doing all of these things to him. It was almost insane how much-

"George."

His eyes snapped open. His breathing heavy as he looked over at the alpha, who stood by the doorway, staring at him.

George paused his movements, keeping his fingers pushed deep inside of him as he stared at Dream. Unsure of what to say, his cheeks burning hot as he felt caught in the act.

Especially since he'd just been fantasizing about him, as well. It definitely made this all ten times more embarrassing.

How long had he been standing there? Had he heard him moan out his name just seconds ago?

George's face heated up even further at just the thought of Dream hearing that, turning his face to bury it into the bed covers. An embarrassed groan escaping him.

"My, uh, meeting cut short. What're you doing, George?"

Dream said, his voice sounding a bit deeper than normal.

George turned his head to look at him again, finding the alpha's pupils were larger than usual as his gaze took in the omega in front of him.

God, George had never felt this embarrassed. Here he was, a whimpering, needy mess, fingering himself and crying out for him as he was getting lost in his fantasies about the alpha.

"I'm streaming."

George got out, answering his question. Throwing a glance back at the laptop behind him, where his chat was going wild.

Dream glanced at the laptop, seeming as if he hadn't even noticed it until that moment. Nodding as his gaze went back to George.

"Alright.."

He mumbled, glancing over at a chair that stood in the corner of the room, next to the door.

And without another word, the alpha walked over and sat down in that chair. Spreading his legs slightly before placing his ankle on top of his other knee. Fully dressed in a suit and looking insanely hot as he was seated in such a dominant position, gaze laser focused on George.

"Keep going, then."

George swallowed, feeling his breathing hitch slightly.

Keep... going?

Was Dream just gonna watch him get off?

Suppose he'd done that before, as he'd watched his livestreams. But it had never been in real life, live like this. Having the alpha actually watch him as he sat just a few steps away from him felt a lot more intense than having a live audience who he couldn't even see.

He swallowed, his cheeks burning hot as he laid his cheek back down against the bed covers, facing Dream. His gaze resting on him as his heart sped up in his chest. Watching the alpha keep his gaze locked on him, silently watching the show he was putting on.

George shut his eyes, trying to focus back on just performing for his audience. Pretend Dream wasn't even there, that he was all alone in the room. Act just like how he would if the alpha wasn't sat right there, watching him.

The omega began moving his fingers again, his tail bent as the tip of it rested against the arch of his back. Staying there to be out of the way as he presented his hole to the camera, and now also to Dream.

He swallowed back a whine just then, feeling electricity shoot through him from having the alpha's intense gaze on him. His fingers trembling slightly as he felt flustered, yet somehow even more turned on than before.

He soon picked up the same pace he was going at before, moans slipping out of him as slick kept gushing out, dripping all over his hand. Going in between his knuckles, down to his palm. Some of it running down his wrist.

He let out a shaky moan as he thought about Dream watching it all, silently taking in just how needy the omega was acting.

Yet doing nothing. He just sat there, allowing George to please himself whilst doing nothing about it.

George opened his eyes just then, feeling a need to look at the alpha. Eyelids heavy as he kept his gaze on him. The way he sat in absolute silence, taking in the scene before him. Keeping that same dominant position he was sat in, as his gaze devoured the omega's entire body.

George had to bite his tongue just then, as he almost let out a plea for Dream in that moment. Swallowing back the embarrassing sound before crying out softly.

It almost bothered him a bit how unbothered Dream seemed. How he was sat back with barely any expressions going across his features. It made George wanna step up his game, put on a real show for him.

He wanted to see the alpha turned on, to the point where he can't hide it even if he tries to.

Having this new mission in mind, George shut his eyes and let out the most pornographic moan he could muster. Pushing his fingers deep inside of himself before twisting them slightly. His legs shaking as he let out another needy moan, pushing his ass up into the air.

He then did a teasing, bouncing movement with his ass. Giving out a needy moan as he tried to entice the alpha who was sat watching him.

And just to add some extra fuel to the fire, he moaned,

“Daddy...”

The blush on his cheeks growing stronger at the sheer neediness in his voice, something he knew would go straight to the alpha's crotch.

Wanting to put on even more of a show for Dream, he raised his upper body off the bed. Keeping his fingers pushed deep inside of himself as he leaned back on his knees, practically sitting on his own fingers. Moaning as he felt them push in deeper, at a slightly different angle.

He then tipped his head back as he began to bounce on those fingers, riding them as he panted softly. His other hand moving to grab onto his tail, light fingertips holding onto it as he arched his back.

He sunk down on his fingers before lifting himself up a bit, focusing on looking as pretty as he could whilst riding his own fingers. Needy moans slipping out of him as he did so.

He then finally threw a glance back at Dream, finding the alpha had placed both feet on the

ground, and was now sat leaned forward, his elbows leaning on his knees. His lips parted as he watched the omega with a heavy lidded gaze.

He looked aroused.

George bit back an excited sound as he felt a rush from seeing him like that, knowing he was succeeding in his mission.

And as if the look on his face hadn't been enough confirmation, George felt a wave of the alpha's pheromones hit him, his arousal evident by the slight salty sweetness to it. It made him swallow, feeling grabbed by a sudden urge to lick the alpha's neck just to get a taste of that intoxicating scent.

He moaned at the thought, his brain feeling all foggy as he was embraced by the warm alpha pheromones. Tipping his head back as his eyes fell shut once again. Chasing his orgasm as he kept riding his own fingers.

He soon let out another needy, high pitched plea for Dream, moaning,

“Daddy... please..”

Opening his eyes to throw another heavy lidded glance at the alpha. Finding he'd leaned back in his seat, one of his hands stroking the outline of his dick through his pants.

George felt lightheaded at the sight of it, gaze dipping to the very evident bulge he was stroking. His mouth watering as he wanted that thing between his lips, or perhaps even between his asscheeks.

He felt a warm pride from seeing it, as well. Knowing he was succeeding in turning him on.

Just the sight of the alpha stroking himself to him doing this was enough to make him gasp softly, tipping his head back as he felt himself get pushed over the edge.

His movements halted as his breath caught in his throat. A faint,

“Dream...”

Leaving his lips, as his orgasm washed over him.

Cum spilled onto the bed covers as he sunk down on his fingers, his legs shaking as he struggled to stay upright. His hand grasping at his tail as moans slipped out of him.

George's face was burning hot as he calmed down from his orgasm, feeling embarrassed over the fact that he'd accidentally moaned out Dream's name as he came. Panting softly as he kept his eyes

shut.

His ears then flickered as he heard the alpha stand up from where he sat, footsteps approaching him as he walked up behind him.

George held his breath as he felt the alpha's body heat, feeling him stop right behind him. He then felt Dream place a hand on his neck, holding it there as he turned George's head to the side.

The omega followed along with the movements, eyes still shut as he felt the alpha kiss his lips. Kissing him from an angle as he held his head tipped back slightly.

George responded to the kiss, feeling the alpha hold a firm grip around his throat, his thumb pressing against his jawline. Moaning softly against his tongue as the alpha pushed it into his mouth.

George had barely just regained his breathing, and now his head was spinning as Dream stole his breath away with his kissing. A hungry tint to the way he kissed him, as if he wanted to devour him right then and there.

George let go of his tail to place his hand on Dream's wrist, holding it there as he whined against his lips.

Dream soon parted from the kiss, a string of saliva connecting their lips as they were both panting. George kept his eyes shut, feeling absolutely gone for a moment. His head spinning as he felt all warm and cloudy, the alphas strong pheromones surrounding and hugging him. Making him want more of him.

"You know this is my guest room, right, George?"

Dream mumbled, keeping his voice low enough for only them to hear.

George gave a slight whine in response, having no clue what this room was for. He'd just found a bed and decided it was a good enough place to stream from.

"My family stays here when they come to visit. And now you've ruined the bed with your slick."

Dream said, keeping the hand on his neck. His words firm.

The alpha then poked his tongue out, licking at George's bottom lip before putting it between his teeth. Tugging on it lightly, teasing him.

“Such a fucking slut, acting like a bitch in heat.”

Dream mumbled against his lips, scolding the omega for his behavior.

George felt a hot rush from hearing those words, his legs feeling weak below him. A needy sound slipping past his lips as he felt some slick gushing out of him, soaking his hand even further.

He just came, but hearing Dream curse him out like that made him nearly come a second time right then and there.

“Are you gonna apologize for what you’ve done, George?”

The alpha then asked.

“No.”

George mumbled, opening his eyes to look up at him. Catching how large Dream’s pupils were, as he was clearly very turned on.

He felt Dream’s grip on his neck tighten, making his breath hitch.

“Apologize, George.”

Dream practically demanded, making George melt below him. His eyelids feeling heavy as he struggled to keep his gaze on the alpha.

He swallowed hard, something he knew Dream could feel against his fingers. Trying to keep an attitude as he said,

“Or what?”

He watched a faint smile graze Dream’s lips, his gaze shifting between the omega’s lips and eyes.

“George...”

He said, his voice low and teasing.

“I’ll be really disappointed in you if you don’t apologize.”

George stared at him, feeling almost mesmerized. Parting his lips before whispering faintly, softly,

“Sorry, daddy.”

Dream visibly swallowed, that hungry look in his eyes only growing stronger from those words.

“Thank you for apologizing, George.”

He mumbled, accepting his apology.

He then gave his lips a final playful lick before he scoffed softly.

“You should end your stream.”

He mumbled as he pulled back. The warmth from his body heat leaving the omega entirely.

George suppressed a needy whine at the loss, feeling flustered and warm after that whole exchange.

And he was still sat with his fingers up his ass.

He huffed softly, lifting himself up as he slowly pulled them out. Biting on his bottom lip at the sensation of it.

He then wiped his overly slicked up fingers on the bed covers, only furthering the mess he’d made on the guest bed. Biting his bottom lip at the thought of how it might piss Dream off even further.

The omega pushed his hair out of his face before turning to face the stream. Watching his viewers still spamming the chat.

He scooted off the bed, pulling the borrowed shorts back on before approaching the vanity where the laptop was resting.

His legs unsteady below him as he made his way over there, his brain still feeling foggy from all the alpha pheromones. Especially since Dream was still there, exuding aroused pheromones as he was still quite turned on.

George tried to clear his head from it, biting on his bottom lip. His cheeks flushed as he looked at his chat.

‘They’re in love’

The message stuck out to him amidst all others, made by some random user, some random observer of his stream. But it was enough to leave him speechless for a moment, the words echoing in his head as he zoned out for a few seconds.

They’re in love...

Him and Dream, his audience thinks they're in love.

What would bring them to that conclusion?

George pulled on one of the sleeves of the hoodie he'd borrowed from Dream, his hand moving to the mousepad to press the end stream button.

He swallowed, blinking a few times. His eyes a bit glossy after the activity he'd just done.

"Okay, bye."

He said, hitting the button to end the stream. Waiting for it to be confirmed his stream was officially over before he shut the laptop.

.

"My heat is coming soon."

George mumbled, laying on Dream's chest later that night. The two of them cuddled up in bed, about to go to sleep.

"How soon is it?"

Dream asked, threading his fingers through George's hair. Fingers running over to one of his ears, where he scratched him right below it. He then ran the furry ear between his fingertips, causing it to flick lightly.

"Two days from now."

George said with a soft sigh. The alpha pheromones hugging him and making his eyelids feel heavy as he purred softly, his hands making tiny kneading motions against Dream's shirt. He felt so warm and comforted around him, which might've been fueled even further by his upcoming heat.

"What do you usually do during heats?"

"Stream it."

George said as he adjusted slightly where he laid, his tail softly curling around him where he was already laying curled up against Dream.

“What do you do during those streams?”

Dream asked, his fingers tickling his sensitive ears simply cause he found it cute when they’d flick at him in response.

George huffed, too lazy to swat him away with his hand.

“I use toys.”

He mumbled, shutting his eyes. A faint smile tugging at the corner of his mouth as he could hear Dream’s heartbeat pick up.

“What kind of toys?”

The alpha asked, his voice dipping low.

“The ones you inflate. It’s meant to feel like a knot.”

George mumbled airily, feeling heavy and slightly dazed. Dream’s pheromones intoxicating.

“Does it feel like a knot?”

Dream asked, making George scoff softly.

“No.”

“How would you know?”

“I don’t know, it doesn’t satisfy me. It’s not enough.”

George spoke as he turned his face to bury it into Dream’s shirt, inhaling the scent that was truly driving him crazy whilst sedating him at the same time. A small moan falling from his lips as he could almost taste it, making his cheeks heat up.

“Maybe I should knot you, then.”

He froze, his purring halting abruptly. Dream’s words hanging heavy in the air.

George turned his head to push his cheek against Dream’s chest instead, facing away from him.

Giving himself some air, his gaze darting around the room as he actually entertained the idea, making his heart beat faster in his chest.

He couldn't believe it, but he was actually considering it.

"Maybe."

He said finally, feeling Dream's fingers run carefully through his hair. Clearly acting a bit more cautiously after making such a suggestion.

"I was just kidding, George."

The alpha then spoke, his words quiet, sounding like he was trying to save the situation.

George's gaze dropped, wetting his lips as Dream added,

"But if you want I could just, I don't know, help you through it. I could handle the dildo, or something."

George drew a breath, trying to ignore the disappointment he felt in his chest from the thought of Dream just helping him but not actually knotting him.

The omega in him was really yearning to be knotted at this point, must be why he felt that way.

"Yeah. You should be there, Dream."

He mumbled, feeling Dream play with his ear again.

"Alright, I'll be there."

.

His apartment felt cold as George stepped into it. It had been days since he was last there, having spent so much time at Dream's place. It felt strange and off to be back in his own apartment.

He rolled in the suitcase filled with borrowed clothing before shutting the door behind himself. Sighing softly as he began to take off his own shoes.

His hands felt tingly as he took his shoes off, as did pretty much his entire body. He knew his heat

was really close, could start any minute, honestly. But he hoped he'd get one more night's sleep before it started.

It was late in the evening so the whole place was dark, making him stumble slightly as he walked towards his bedroom. He glanced around, finding the place to look so empty and cold.

It didn't feel like he'd just stepped into his home. It felt strange being back there.

He tried to ignore the weird feeling, finding the nearest light by the bedside table and turning it on. The light from the small lamp stretched across the room, giving it a cozy, faint glow. He yawned as he turned his back to it, walking into the kitchen instead. Opening the fridge to see if he had anything to eat.

The only edible thing he could find was some cereal and a bit of milk that luckily hadn't expired yet.

He poured himself a bowl of it before heading back to his bedroom with the bowl, holding the box of milk in his other hand as he walked straight to his streaming setup.

He placed the milk and the bowl of cereal along with a spoon on the desk as he started working on setting up his stream for the next day, assuming he'd have his big heat stream that day.

Once he'd finished setting it up the stream, he minimized the window before pushing forward his bowl of cereal. He then poured some milk over it before digging into it with his spoon.

He lazily took a few spoonfuls here and there as he started scrolling on Twitter on his computer, checking what people were saying about him.

He hadn't really checked in much whilst he'd been at Dream's place, which made him feel a bit out of the loop of what his fanbase were currently talking about.

Although he wasn't exactly surprised when he spotted the first post speculating on whether or not Dream was his true mate. His brows knitting slightly as he read,

'Reasons Dream and George are true mates: a thread'

He couldn't help but click on it, scrolling down to see the long list of evidence this person had compiled. Most of it he just skimmed through, barely entertaining what a stranger was saying about him and an alpha he was making videos with.

But when he got to the pictures, he couldn't help but look at them.

The first picture had a text above it, reading,

‘Reason number 6, the way they look together.’

In the picture itself he saw himself sat on Dream’s lap in his bed, gazing down at the alpha who had his hands on him. A screenshot taken from the stream they’d done when George was on heat inducers.

And damn.

They weren’t exactly wrong. They did look good together.

George’s gaze lingered on their facial expressions, the way Dream looked at him like he wanted to devour yet protect him all at once. And he felt his face heat up slightly as he saw how needy he looked himself as he gazed back at the alpha.

George swallowed, going to the next photo that was in the same tweet, seeing it was taken from his latest stream.

It was a screenshot taken where George had just stood back up from the bed, a slightly dazed expression on his face, cheeks flushed. And next to him stood Dream, standing taller which made only half his face fit in the frame. But it was a pretty good picture where one could see their height difference, which made George’s heart speed up in his chest slightly.

It was once again proving the fact stated, they did look good together.

George shook his head softly, putting another spoonful of cereal into his mouth as he scrolled past those photos.

He then stopped as he saw reason number ten.

‘Reason number 10, the way they look at each other.’

There were two pictures in the tweet. He pressed the first one, seeing it was a picture where he was on his knees, looking up at Dream. It was taken from the first video they did together, right before the alpha had pulled his dick out of his pants.

George hated to admit it, but the look on his face there was almost embarrassingly awestruck by the alpha. He looked at him with such a needy expression, it was almost embarrassing.

Feeling flustered, George moved onto the second screenshot. Finding it was a picture of Dream looking at him. It was taken from the heat inducer stream, at a moment when Dream was sat leaned back, gaze locked on George. Lust in his gaze as he once again held that look that was an in between of wanting to protect the omega whilst also craving to absolutely wreck him.

George shifted slightly where he sat, feeling himself get a bit aroused from just looking at the picture of the two of them. Especially that look in Dream’s eyes.

He avoided looking at his past self there, feeling embarrassed over how needy he looked as he was humping the alpha's thigh. It was not something he liked looking back at.

He exited the picture, finding the creator of the thread had added another tweet with two extra pictures below that tweet, writing,

'Honorable mentions~ (the first one counts since he was texting him)'

George looked at the first picture, finding it was a screenshot from his editing stream. It was a moment when he was looking at his phone, right after receiving a text from Dream. He seemed to be in the middle of typing back to him, and he had the warmest smile on his face. Even his eyes were lit up, it was almost embarrassing to look at.

It took George slightly by surprise. He had no idea he looked like that when texting Dream.

He swallowed hard, his face heating up. He hadn't been ready for that.

He blinked, moving onto the second picture. Finding it was another screenshot taken from his last stream in Dream's guest room. He could see himself approaching the camera as Dream was stood further behind him, almost his entire face fitting in the frame as he'd taken a few steps back. He stood far enough where he probably thought he was out of frame, but the camera could still pick up the way he was looking at the omega. A sort of warmth in his gaze as he was watching George.

George's gaze lingered on Dream's expression, feeling a warmth spread through his entire body, flushing his cheeks. He didn't know Dream was looking at him that way when he wasn't looking.

There was something so undeniably loving and warm in his gaze as he looked at the omega, mixed with a very expected arousal as George had just given him a whole irl show minutes before the screenshot was taken.

He stared at the screenshot for a moment longer, before his gaze dropped to the half eaten bowl of cereal in front of him.

Why was Dream looking at him like that?

And why did he himself have that dumb smile on his face when Dream texted him?

'They're in love'

His eyes shut as the comment he'd seen from his last stream suddenly popped back up in his head, making him exhale heavily.

He then shook his head, shaking the thought. Blaming it on his upcoming heat, as he quickly exited the Twitter thread he'd been looking at.

He put his bottom lip between his teeth as he kept scrolling down his feed, hoping to see something else that would distract him. His entire body feeling hot as his heat was approaching.

He tipped his head slightly to the side, wetting his lips. Gaze landing on another post.

It seemed to be some type of appreciation post, but not for him.

It was for Dream.

The poster had written,

'My hot alpha<3'

Along with four screenshots of Dream, all taken from George's streams where he was looking very hot in different positions. And in every single picture except for one, George had been cropped out. The only picture where they hadn't cropped him, was when Dream stood behind him as he was on the guest bed. Kissing him from behind, the camera only really seeing their backs and George's feet.

George could see why the photo made the appreciation post, as Dream's shoulders looked broad and hot. The alpha was also dressed in a suit and looking unfairly hot and tall.

George scoffed, feeling his blood start to boil as gaze shifted back up to the title of the tweet.

"My hot alpha..."

He mocked under his breath, rolling his eyes. Dream didn't even know this person existed, would probably not even give them a second of his time if they were in his presence.

He pressed his lips together as he pressed on the user's account. Scrolling through it quickly to see most of their posts were just thirst tweets about Dream, tweeting about how they'd be a perfect match. They seemed legitimately convinced of the fact that Dream was their true mate.

George found the picture of Dream kissing him from behind posted in another tweet, with the caption:

'Me and daddy had some fun this morning~'

"What?"

He said under his breath, grimacing at the tweet.

He couldn't remember ever feeling so annoyed by anyone before, contemplating actually reporting their account for impersonating someone else. And something about seeing someone else call Dream their 'daddy' really bothered him.

He had a pissed off look on his face as he moved the cursor over to hit the block button. Doing it without a second thought, regretting nothing after it had been done.

He felt a bit better once he'd blocked them, but it still annoyed him that someone like that existed, and wanted his Dream.

George's brows knit as he caught his own thought process. Finding the heat must be really getting to him, as Dream wasn't 'his', and he had no reason to be jealous like this.

He let out a slight huff, resuming with his scrolling. Seeing a few sweet appreciation posts for himself, which he gave a few likes to. He also saw the countless proposals to mate with him, something he was very used to at that point.

As he kept scrolling, he caught a notification that he'd gotten a dm from someone he followed, apparently.

He went to check, finding a name he hadn't thought of in a few days.

AlphaX: 'what was that you said about no kissing?'

Attached to his message, was a tweet of Dream and George kissing. One screenshot taken from the heat inducer stream, the other was the picture of Dream kissing him from behind.

George stared at the message from the alpha for a moment, biting at the inside of his cheek. He hadn't quite expected those words to come back to bite him in the ass like this.

Especially since he hadn't been lying when he told him he doesn't do kissing. It was on his list of rules, something he was usually quite strict with.

But somehow, Dream had become an exception to those rules.

And it's not like he regretted kissing him, either. He even kissed him just a few hours prior before leaving his apartment. It had come naturally as they were saying goodbye. Dream leaned down and George tipped his head up on instinct, sharing a goodbye kiss with him before he left.

It was like that first kiss during his heat inducer stream had opened the gateway to a lot of kissing

shared between the two of them.

George blinked, exiting the dms with AlphaX. Feeling too dazed from his upcoming heat to even think about what it all meant, or how he should respond. He just couldn't be bothered.

George sighed, continuing his scrolling and liking a few more sweet appreciation posts. Sometimes they were too sweet, showering him with mushy praise that made him squirm as he felt the need to escape it, scroll past it.

He then stumbled upon a post that read,

'I found this super helpful article for George, boost this so gnf will see!! Like + rt so he sees!!'

Below the text was a link to some article, titled 'how to stop an alpha from mating you when in heat'

George's brows knit, looking at the second tweet the person had made below that, adding to the first tweet.

'We still don't know if Dream will be there for his heat stream, but if he is George needs to see this!! Boost this tweet so he sees!!<3'

"What?"

George mumbled under his breath. Glancing at the insane amount of likes and retweets the post had.

It seemed like some of his fans were genuinely concerned he'd get mated, thinking they were doing something good by boosting this weird article.

He didn't even bother with pressing on the article itself, he didn't want any sort of tips on how to 'stop an alpha when in heat'.

He sighed as he exited Twitter, feeling like he'd had enough.

It seemed like his audience was a bit divided, some wanting him to have ways to avoid being mated by Dream, as others seemed convinced they were 'true mates'.

It didn't matter to him at the end of the day what they thought, what mattered was what he felt himself.

Which was something he still hadn't quite figured out.

After lazily putting the half eaten bowl of cereal in the sink, he decided he was just gonna head off to sleep. He wasn't even gonna bother with showering off the alpha pheromones that was clinging to his skin. Which was probably a bad idea, since the pheromones that hugged him made him feel riled up and hot all over.

He whined softly, pulling on the oversized sweater he'd borrowed from Dream. Feeling slick dripping from his hole as it had been almost the entire day. It annoyed him, but it was a big indicator his heat was coming.

He laid down in his bed, the bedsheets feeling cold and unused. His body yearning for another warm body next to him as he sunk into the mattress.

He grabbed a pillow, hoping it would help if he cuddled up to that. He then buried his nose into the front of the sweater he wore, whilst his hands clung onto the pillow as he held it close to his chest.

Still, it wasn't enough. He found himself twisting and turning as he tried to sleep, a groan slipping out of him as he felt a deep frustration at his very core. He'd never struggled this much with falling asleep in his entire life.

Eventually he sat up, looking around himself. Feeling warm and frustrated, annoyed with the useless pillow that didn't smell like or feel like Dream.

He got out of his bed, moving almost on instinct as he made his way to the suitcase by his front door. Tiredly grabbing the handle before dragging it back to his bed.

Once the suitcase stood next to his bed, he unzipped it. A faint moan slipping out of him as he was met by the alpha's scent from all of his clothing.

His knees felt weak from it as he crouched down, hands grabbing at the different stolen fabrics. He then began to pull out the clothing, throwing all of it onto the bed.

Once the suitcase was empty, George pushed it to the side before getting back into bed. His entire body tingling, slick gushing out of him. Warmth coursing through his arms, legs, reaching his face before going down to his crotch. His hands grabbing at the clothing as he began to instinctively build a nest with it.

He'd only made a proper nest once before. It was back when he'd just had his first heat, and he wanted to feel like a real omega. He'd piled up pillows, blankets and clothing which he fantasized would belong to his alpha. He'd even bought a pheromone spray to make the nest smell like an alpha, which did help somewhat but it wasn't the perfect scent to tickle all of his senses.

Dream scent was that perfect scent for him. He really couldn't deny it.

And as he sunk into the nest he'd built, he felt so safe and calmed. He curled up against the different fabrics, humming a soft moan as he felt far more content than he had a few minutes prior. He began to rub his face and neck against the clothing to get the alpha's scent on him. His fingers grasping and kneading at one of Dream's hoodies as he buried his face in it.

He then laid there, sighing softly as he felt surrounded by Dream's alpha pheromones. And soon, he was lulled to sleep.

.

George's back arched off the bed, a needy moan escaping him as he tipped his head back. Feeling so insanely hot all over, panting as his trembling fingers ran up and down his body.

His heat had arrived.

He felt it from the moment he woke up, the hot familiar cloudiness fogging up his brain and all of his thoughts, his entire body feeling sensitive.

It got worse as the day progressed, and as he was going into the evening he really couldn't stand it any longer.

A soft, trembling whine escaped his lips, slick gushing out of him.

"Dream.."

He cried, pushing his head to the side as a needy moan slipped out of him. His hand moving up to grasp at the bedsheets above his head.

He'd never wanted to be knotted more in his entire life. And he could only think of one person he wanted to mate with.

He opened his eyes, eyelids heavy as he looked over at his computer. The camera directed right at him, his live chat going wild as they watched him act all needy and desperate on his bed, crying out for an alpha to knot him.

He'd started the stream only a few minutes ago, feeling grateful he'd set it up the night before since there was no way he'd be able to do all of it at the actual peak of his heat. He'd even titled the stream beforehand, naming it 'heat stream with Dream'.

He'd texted Dream his address right before starting, barely managing to type it out with his hands practically shaking. Dream had been quick to respond, telling him he'd be there asap. Receiving that text alone had made him moan, biting his finger as he pushed his ass up in the air.

Every minute that had passed since felt nearly painful, excruciating. Was Dream actually gonna show up? Was he just playing with him? Teasing him?

George felt like he was going insane, one of his hands grasping at one of Dream's hoodies that laid next to him on the bed, the fabric being part of the nest he'd made the night before.

He felt grateful he'd made the nest of the alpha's clothing, making him feel surrounded by Dream's soothing pheromones. Needing it like he needs air, his hand grasping at one of the hoodies and pulling it to his face, inhaling the alpha's comforting scent. A whine escaping his throat, hips buckling up into nothing.

He was wearing another one of the hoodies he'd taken from Dream. A baby blue color, fitting nicely with the baby pink thigh high socks he wore, which had white little bows at the top. He'd also chosen a choker that went with it, carrying the same baby pink color with a heart in the middle.

He usually made sure to wear something nice during his heat, planning his outfit and letting his viewers vote on it days before the stream. There had been times where they'd made him wear a maid outfit, or a cheerleader outfit.

But this time there had been no poll for the audience input. He'd woken up that morning and felt a deep need to wear the alpha's hoodie, deluding his brain into thinking the alpha was actually near him, embracing him.

He grasped at the hoodie he was wearing as he pushed his knees together, feeling he could barely take another second of Dream not being there. His fingers pushing under the fabric, trembling hands brushing against the pink body harness he wore underneath the hoodie.

It stretched along his chest, back, securely wrapping around his waist. There were also two straps that went to his thighs, hugging them right below his ass.

Putting on the harness earlier that day had been a challenge whilst feeling so needy and out of it, but he wanted to wear it, wanted to look good for his audience.

He pushed the hoodie up a bit to bury his nose into the fabric, revealing some of the pink harness that clung to his skin. Inhaling deeply before a whine escaped him.

"Dream.."

He practically cried, parting his lips against the fabric, panting softly.

Right at that moment, he heard the doorbell ringing. Another needy whine escaping him, needing it to be Dream, craving it to be him. Nobody else, only him.

He'd left the door unlocked for him, something he'd told Dream he'd do the day before. Cause there was no way he'd be able to get up and get the door in this state.

He felt immense relief wash over him as the front door opened, his ears perking up sharply as he listened to the familiar footsteps approaching his bedroom. Another needy sound escaping him as he turned his head towards the door.

"Dream..!"

He cried out once more, teary eyes looking at the door.

And then it opened, revealing the alpha. His eyes large as he was overwhelmed by the strong heat pheromones in the apartment, strongest in George's room.

George rolled over onto his stomach, his tail immediately raising up at the sight of the alpha. His hands reaching out towards him, doing grabby hands at the bedsheets. Tilting his head to the side as he once again whined,

"Dream.."

Feeling so ready, so relieved to see the alpha. It was like seeing water in the desert, he needed him like he needed air at that point.

Dream casted a glance at his streaming setup, taking note of how they were live. He then wet his lips, walking towards the bed and stopping right next to it.

"Holy shit, George.."

He mumbled under his breath, clearly seeming overwhelmed by the omegas heat.

George scrambled to get on all fours, moving to the edge of the bed so he could reach Dream. Sitting back on his knees as unsteady hands went up to undo his belt buckle, wanting to be knotted by the alpha right then and there.

He was ready for it. He'd waited long enough. He had to have his knot, it almost felt like his life depended on it.

Dream's hands moved to place over his, making the omega whine as his movements were halted.

"George, you shouldn't- we- we can't-"

He seemed to struggle to stay clear headed, looking down at the omega who was looking back up at him with pleading eyes.

“Please put your knot in me, Dream..”

Dream exhaled a slightly unsteady breath, before swallowing hard. His gaze flickering between George’s eyes, down to where he was holding his hands within his own.

George held his gaze on him as he leaned forward, placing his lips on the bulge in Dream’s pants before sucking on it, a soft moan escaping him as his eyes fell shut. Lips parting around the bulge, his tongue pressing against it as he sucked on it.

Dream’s lips parted, watching him with a heavy lidded gaze. The hybrid’s ears folding back slightly as he sucked the fabric into his mouth. His ears flicking softly every few seconds, purring contently as he kept sucking on it.

The teasing suction was driving the alpha insane, his hand moving to George’s head, threading through his hair. His breathing growing heavier by the minute. His hips jerking forward slightly on instinct as he mumbled,

“Oh, god..”

Under his breath.

George opened his eyes, looking up at Dream through his lashes. Whining softly around his bulge.

“George...”

Dream mumbled, trying to remain sane for the both of them.

George pulled back from sucking on his bulge, wetting his lips as his hands finished undoing his belt. He then undid the zipper with desperate, unsteady movements. Finally pulling Dream’s dick out of his underwear.

He moaned at the sight of it, his mouth watering at how hard the alpha was already. A deep need in his very gut to get that thing inside of him, to be knotted by it.

He began to do kitten licks on the tip of it, soft moans falling from his lips as he licked it like a lollipop. Purring softly.

He then pushed the tip between his lips, sucking on it as he pushed the length further into his mouth. Pushing it down his throat, moaning around it as he rocked back onto nothing in a needy, desperate attempt for friction.

Dream was practically panting at this point, feeling almost powerless to the omega. Hand loosely guiding him as George bobbed his head on his dick. The vibrations from the hybrid's purring against his dick driving him absolutely insane.

"Fuck- you know I can't- I can't knot you, George. You know you don't actually want that."

George whined around him, looking up at him through his lashes, teary eyes pleading. Every bone in his body screaming how wrong Dream was. He wanted to be knotted by him, more than anything.

Dream's hips jerked forward slightly, causing George to gag before pulling off. Barely even registering how he'd almost choked on his dick for a second, as his mind was too clouded by his heat.

"Please- I want it, Dream."

He said, feeling desperate to convince him. Quickly turning around to present his ass to the alpha, one hand going back to pull up the hoodie, revealing his ass to him, as well as the harness straps that hugged his thighs right below it. Even more slick gushing out of him from Dream's intoxicating pheromones.

"Please, daddy.."

George whined, wiggling his hips slightly. Using the nickname to entice the alpha. Pushing his ass up with his tail up in the air, eagerly keeping out of the way to present his ass for the alpha. His hands kneading at the bedsheets as he awaited the alpha's knot.

Dream exhaled a faint 'fuck..', his hands placing on the omega's ass. Spreading the cheeks apart to watch some more slick gush out of him, running down his thighs. George's tail brushing up under the alpha's chin, trying to entice him, bring him closer.

George tilted his head to the side, looking back at Dream. Wiggling his ass impatiently, whining softly.

"I wanna carry your babies, Dream.."

He pleaded, feeling impatient. As if worrying the alpha had a limited supply of cum that would run out at any second.

He needed that cum inside of him, along with his knot. He needed it more than he needed air.

Dream pushed his thumbs into the flesh of his ass, mumbling another swear under his breath.

“Please, please, Dream, please..”

George panted as he pushed his forehead against one of Dream’s shirts from his nest, pushing his ass up towards the alpha.

“Where’s- where’s your, uh, your toys, George?”

Dream then asked, trying to remain sane. But George could tell by his scent that he was struggling. The alpha’s scent carried such a heavily aroused tint to it, George felt nearly suffocated by it. The scent pushed it’s way through his entire body, making him tingle all over.

If he didn’t know any better, he’d guess Dream’s rut was being triggered.

“Dreeeam...”

George whined, not wanting the dumb substitute toys.

He wanted him.

The real thing.

His knot inside of him.

“I’m not- I’m not gonna give you my knot, George.”

Dream mumbled, his hands leaving his ass. Making George cry out, his heart aching.

He looked behind himself, finding Dream push his dick back into his pants as he walked over to check the live chat.

“Where is it, guys? Where’s his toys?”

The alpha mumbled to his audience, gaze resting on the fast going chat.

George cried out like a needy, spoiled child. Hating how Dream was using his audience against him. And he knew they’d help him too, they all selfishly want to be the ones mating the omega themselves.

“The third drawer? The third.. Which dresser, that one?”

Dream asked, pointing at a pink dresser George had close to his bed.

George whined, pushing his face into his forearm. Feeling slightly calmed by the alpha pheromones that rested in the fabric, something that made him wiggle his ass back impatiently.

He then listened as Dream rummaged through his drawer, before grabbing one of the toys. He peeked up from his arm, seeing Dream hold a green toy that had an inflatable knot.

It was one of his favorites, one that worked really well during heats. But he didn't want that one this time. He wanted the real thing, from Dream.

Dream got behind him again, his large hand placing comfortingly on his ass. Making him whine as he pushed up into it, spreading his legs slightly.

“This is pretty much my size, George. It should feel almost the same.”

Dream mumbled, making George's head spin.

He was right, it really was almost just as big as him. Which made him want the real thing even more.

“I want you, Dream..”

He whined softly, pushing his ass up towards him.

He heard Dream draw a slightly unsteady breath, a wave of the alpha's pheromones washing over him. He could almost taste the arousal in his scent, making him moan as he pushed his ass up into his hand.

He then felt Dream grab the base of his tail, before feeling the tip of the dildo press against his rim. Immediately, he let out a needy moan as he pushed back into it, craving to have something inside of him.

He felt Dream struggling at first to even get the dildo to fit, his slick making the area slippery as well.

But soon, he managed to push the tip inside of him. Causing George to moan, a hot rush hugging his entire being.

Finally something was pushing inside of him, something that could fill him up.

Still, it wasn't enough. It wasn't the thing he wanted the most. It was far too plastic and cold, giving away that this was a lifeless item not attached to an actual alpha.

The actual size of it felt quite satisfying for his needy heat, but it also served as an agonizing reminder to him that it was such a similar size to what he actually wanted inside of him in that moment.

The alpha kept pushing it inside of him, stretching him out to the point of it being nearly painful, something he barely even registered in his needy state as he just wanted more. Moaning out as he grabbed at the alpha's clothing from his nest.

He was already rocking back on it before Dream had even pushed the dildo all the way in, impatiently wanting more. Trying to milk the object closer to orgasm, wanting that knot so bad.

He clawed at the bedsheets as the alpha began to pull the object out before pushing it back in again. Going a bit deeper this time.

George's lips parted as Dream then began to fuck him with the object, needy moans slipping out of him as the alpha pushed it in deeper with every thrust.

Still, it wasn't enough.

"Dream..."

He moaned, the bed creaking softly with every thrust of the dildo as the alpha went faster and harder. Moving the object almost as if he was taking out his own sexual frustration through it, making George absolutely breathless at the speed he was going at.

George listened as Dream's own breathing was growing heavier, his pheromones getting even stronger. A small groan slipping out of the alpha as he pushed the dildo in extra hard and deep. Making the omega cry out, his legs shaking slightly from the impact.

His toes curled as he then felt Dream twist the dildo, before resuming with the fast penetration.

"Does this feel good? George?"

Dream soon asked, sounding out of breath.

"Yes."

George moaned, panting softly.

"Does it satisfy you?"

Dream then asked, making George whine,

"No."

Dream twisted the dildo inside of him again, making the omega cry out softly. One of George's hands moving back to grab at the hem of the hoodie, pulling it up to expose more of his back and pretty harness. Feeling so hot all over.

“Why not?”

Dream asked, his voice dipping low in a teasing manner. Pushing the dildo as deep as he could, making George choke for a moment as it was thrust in so hard and deep.

“I want- I want your knot, Dream..”

George pleaded softly, clenching around the dildo. Feeling himself trembling with want.

“Oh yeah? And what if you'd get pregnant, George?”

Dream said teasingly, twisting the dildo deep inside of him.

George's lips parted widely, a string of moans slipping out of him as his hand reached back to blindly grasp for the alpha. Goosebumps forming along his arms at the very thought.

“Dream..”

He got out, finding the hand that held onto the dildo. Stopping him as his mind was spinning, feeling overwhelmed by just the thought.

He couldn't take it anymore, he didn't want this dumb silicone thing substituting the real thing. He wanted Dream.

He needed Dream.

And he'd be so good for Dream as a pregnant omega. He'd make sure to give him the best, healthiest babies. He'd even eat disgusting avocado to keep them healthy, all for him. Anything for him.

He wanted it so bad he didn't know what to do with himself.

“Please..”

George moaned, unsteady hand trying to take the dildo out of him.

“Please give me your knot, Dream.. please, please, please..”

Tears slipped down his cheeks as he was begging for it, his heat induced brain feeling no shame

from the embarrassing, needy behavior. Only lust and desire. Want and craving. A deep need to get knotted and impregnated.

Dream swore under his breath before pulling the dildo out entirely, one of his hands resting on George's ass.

"You really want it, George?"

He asked, making George whine with hopefulness.

"Yes, please, Dream--"

Dream threw the dildo onto the bed next to him, making George's heart skip with hope.

"Fuck... your audience is gonna fucking kill me for this, George.."

Dream mumbled, shrugging off his suit jacket before moving his hands down to undo his pants, pulling his dick out once again.

Realization began to dawn on George that it was actually happening, his entire body lighting up. Feeling heat rush through him, a jittery excitement lingering in his entire body.

He moved his unsteady hands to grasp at his hoodie, pulling the entire thing off. Feeling too hot to wear it, throwing it to the side before he placed his cheek against the bedsheets. His ass up in the air, tail perked up as he waited with anticipation.

He then felt the alpha line himself up at his hole, the tip pressing against his rim. Something that absolutely stole his breath away, pushing his ass back against it.

"You ready to be knotted, George?"

Dream asked, causing George to cry out in a needy way. His hands grasping at the bedsheets, feeling more ready than ever before.

"Yes. Yes, yes, yes. Please, Dream--"

He answered, pleading faintly. The tip of his tail curling slightly.

"Do you trust me?"

Dream then asked, voice dipping a bit lower. Yet there was a warmth to those words.

“Yes. I trust you, Dream.”

George got out, feeling his heart thump a bit harder in his chest.

He then felt Dream finally begin to push his length into the tight space, and bliss washed over his entire body. Causing George to gasp softly, nails digging into the bedsheets as he moaned. A cooling, tingling sensation running up and down his spine, spreading to his arms and legs. Cooling down and soothing the feverish heat, making him feel utterly blissful.

Finally, he was receiving the one thing he needed, craved.

He'd never felt that sort of relief during a heat before, dildos usually barely do anything.

But having an actual alpha's dick pushing inside of him was a whole different experience. It made him breathless for a moment, his mouth falling open in a soundless scream as he felt his eyes tear up.

“Holy shit,”

Dream mumbled under his breath, hand placing by the very base of George's tail. Pushing his dick all the way inside of him as the omega's eyes rolled back from the pure bliss of it.

The sensation was almost too good for George to handle, pushing him past the edge and knocking the wind out of him. Making him come for the first time that evening.

He felt Dream hold a steady hand on his harness as the omega shook below him, his cum spilling onto the bedsheets and some of the clothing he'd nested with as he cried out for Dream.

“Holy fuck- you really wanted my dick, huh?”

Dream spoke, sounding out of breath. Making George nod as he struggled to form any proper words for the moment, his entire body tingling with that blissful feeling of having the alpha's dick inside of him.

Dream then stayed like that for a moment as he undid the buttons on his shirt, making George feel impatient as he rocked back against him. Wanting more, needing that knot inside of him. His tail wrapping around Dream's wrist as he moaned softly.

Dream gave his right asscheek a light slap, making the omega cry out softly.

“You’re being so impatient, George..”

Dream mumbled, moving both hands to grab onto the omega’s harness. He then held a firm grip on it as pulled back out, before thrusting back into him, hard.

George’s tail bent forward, resting on his curved back as the omega let out soft whimpers and moans as the alpha began to fuck him at a steady pace, feeling like he was on cloud nine. Tears streaming down his face as he was finally, finally getting what he’d been craving for years.

Despite having his rules and staying away from allowing any alpha to put their knot inside of him, his body had always craved it.

So to finally have an alpha like Dream satisfy that craving was the most blissful feeling in the entire world.

The bed creaked below them as Dream kept fucking him, going hard and fast, producing a wet sound that bounced off the walls every time he thrust into the omega’s slicked up hole. Pushing deeper and deeper with every thrust, making the omega absolutely lose his mind. He could barely think or breathe, a pool of drool gathering below him as he just took the pounding from the alpha. Blissful tingles tickling his entire body and mind as he happily fantasized about how pregnant he was gonna be after this.

With the type of dominant alpha Dream was, he’d probably make him pregnant on the first try. And it would probably be a whole litter, too.

He whined softly just thinking about it, rocking back against the alpha’s hard thrusting.

“Fuck, you’re really squeezing around my dick, George. It’s like you wanna keep me there forever, or something.”

The alpha mumbled, breathing heavy. Making George whine. Those were words that would cause him immense embarrassment had he not been in heat. But with his heat clouding his mind, he moaned out,

“Daddy...”

As he squeezed around him, making Dream swear under his breath once again before spanking the omega.

It made George bite down on his bottom lip as he moaned softly, feeling the alpha grab his ass hard, right where he’d just spanked him.

Dream then grabbed the hybrid with both hands, lifting him up with one strong arm held around his waist, the other supporting him by his ass as he stood up. Causing George to cry out softly, holding his own knees to his chest.

Dream then held his back close to his own chest as he pounded into him fast and hard whilst

carrying him, stealing the omega's breath away. One of his hands moving to grab at Dream's arm as his other hand placed over his own mouth. His head tipping back as he crossed his ankles, keeping his knees close to his chest.

"I'm gonna put so many babies in you, George. You're gonna be such a perfect little omega for me."

Dream said next to his ear, making George cry out as he felt a deep yearning at the very pit of his stomach, making him clench around the alpha's length.

And right then, George came for the second time that evening. A high pitched cry escaping him as he shook from his orgasm. Ropes of cum shooting from his dick and landing on his inner thighs.

Dream paused for a short moment to allow him to catch his breath, before he started moving again. Causing the omega to whine as he resumed his hard pounding into him. The angle driving him insane.

More tears ran down George's face, needy cries falling from his lips at every thrust. His mind a complete fog, the alpha pheromones taking over completely.

He couldn't believe it was happening, he was actually about to be mated. And not just that, he'd get to be pregnant with Dream's babies after. He couldn't wait, he felt so lucky and excited. Another tear falling down his cheek as he cried out,

"Daddy.."

Dream thrust up into him a bit extra hard after that, a faint,

"Fuck.."

Leaving his mouth.

Dream then thrust in once more, going as deep as he could before staying there, panting heavily next to his ear. Making George's legs shake, a whine falling from his lips.

"I'm so deep, George.."

Dream mumbled, breathing heavy.

George moaned, hoping the alpha was close. He felt so impatient to get impregnated and knotted already.

"I want your knot, Dream.."

He pleaded, wanting Dream to keep going, come inside of him.

But Dream walked him over to his streaming setup, then pulled out before putting the omega down on the floor.

George's legs felt unsteady below him, something Dream was aware of as he made sure to keep his hands on him, holding him up steadily.

"Your audience should get to see.."

Dream then murmured, pushing George against his desk, folding him over it before lining himself up behind him. George's hands pressing flat against his desk, breath hitching as he felt the alpha thrust back into him again.

"...how deep inside of you I am, George."

George let out a shaky moan, feeling Dream thrust in deep and hard.

He looked over at the viewfinder, finding the stream had a perfect, close up view of the two of them in this position. It made him moan, his eyes rolling back as Dream pushed in extra deep.

He then felt Dream place one of his hands at his lower abdomen,

"Look here, George."

He said, voice dipped low.

George hung his head forward, looking down at where Dream had his hand, right below the harness at his waist. Watching the alpha remove his hand, showing how it bulged out right at that spot, every time he thrust into him.

George felt his head spinning, a shaky moan escaping him as he held his gaze on it. He was so deep, he couldn't believe it. One of his hands moved down to place over the spot where it bulged out, his brows knitting and raising as he felt it against his fingertips, a soft sound escaping him.

That's the exact spot where his babies would be. He was so deep he really was gonna impregnate him with an entire litter right then and there.

And right as George thought about it, Dream spoke next to his ear,

"Right there, is where you'll be carrying my babies, George."

George let out a shaky moan at the thought, eyes falling shut as he felt another orgasm wash over him. His legs shaking below him, mouth falling open as his head tipped back with a plea for Dream

at the tip of his tongue.

As he was calming back down from yet another orgasm, he felt Dream place kisses on his neck, his hot breath tickling his skin.

George tipped his head forward, fingernails grasping at the desk as he moaned,

“Please, daddy..”

Feeling so dizzy and weak after all of his orgasms, feeling so ready to be mated.

“Ready for my knot, George?”

Dream mumbled against his skin just then, making George nearly cry out of eagerness.

“Yes, yes, please, daddy- Dream,”

He let out another moan, his entire body feeling like it was on fire. He’d been wanting this for his entire life, he couldn’t believe it was finally happening.

He felt Dream grab onto his harness for a steady grip on him, breathing heavy as he pounded into him hard and deep. Making George’s eyes roll back as he held one hand on the desk, another placed on the spot where he felt Dream bulge out at his stomach.

It was all driving him crazy, feeling another orgasm begin to build up as he tried to hold himself up on unsteady legs.

And then, finally, he felt the alpha do one final thrust, pushing his dick in deep. Something that tickled George’s brain with delight. He then paused there, a groan escaping him as cum began to spill inside of the omega.

George’s head tipped back with a choked out moan as he felt himself get filled with the warm seed of his alpha, his stomach inflating slightly with the big load. It made him look down, struggling to keep his teary eyes open as he watched how it kept on inflating as Dream kept on coming, almost making him look pregnant already. A gasped moan escaping him from the absolute sight of it, feeling the alpha pump him full with so much cum he could barely breathe.

On top of it he felt Dream’s knot expanding inside of him, the stretch causing tears to drop down his cheeks. Making him feel so full and filled up.

It was the absolute best pain he’d ever felt. It made him come one more time, having lost count of just how many times he’d been pushed over the edge at that point. But this time was the most intense one, as his entire body knew he’d finally hit the finish line, finally he was being knotted. A high pitched moan leaving his parted lips as his legs shook below him, struggling to hold him up.

“Dre-“

He moaned, hand blindly searching for the alpha behind him as his knot kept expanding inside of him. A pride in his chest from the very fact that he was now mated, and would probably be carrying his babies after this.

And as everything was already intense, he felt a sharp release at his neck, making him fall limp. The alpha quickly pulling his arm around him to hold him up as he kept biting into his neck.

It was a mating bite. The thing to finalize it all, complete their mating.

George could barely breathe, his eyes shut as he was overwhelmed by the sensations throughout his entire body. Feeling so full with the alpha's cum as Dream had pushed so much so deep inside of him it was unreal. And the feeling of his knot expanding coupled with the light stinging from the mating bite made his entire body go weak.

He fought to stay conscious for a little while, but he couldn't hold back for long and ended up fainting in Dream's arms.

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George blinked, feeling disoriented at first before recognizing his own bedroom. He sighed softly, finding he was laying on something warm, slightly firmer than a pillow.

He turned his head, realizing he was resting on Dream's chest, his cheek placed a bit below his heart.

As he looked up at the alpha, he found he was awake. Head turned to the side, brows slightly knit as he had a contemplative look on his face. His fingers loosely tangled up in George's hair as he was lightly scratching his scalp.

George's gaze roamed his face, finding he looked absolutely stunning with the morning sunlight reaching his face from the window.

It was also slowly dawning on him how they're mated now. The events of the heat stream slowly creeping back up on him.

It was still a quite foggy memory as it always is when he's in heat, his brain sort of fogs up with lust and hormones and all he can think about is getting impregnated. But from the faint memories he did have of it, he felt a blush creep up on his face. He'd acted so needy, and thousands of people had been watching.

He didn't even know how many watched. He hit about 300k when there was only hope of him getting knotted, how many watched when it actually happened?

He'd have to look back at that later, but he wasn't sure if he'd be able to watch the stream itself as he was really embarrassed over how needy he'd been.

He turned his head to bury his blushing face into Dream's chest, earning the alpha's attention. Gaze traveling over from the window to look down at him.

"You okay, George?"

Dream asked, concern lacing both his face and voice.

George scoffed, adjusting how he laid slightly as he turned his head to look at him again. Finding that concern lingering in his brow.

"Why do you have that look on your face?"

Dream sighed, hand running through George's hair.

"I wasn't sure if you'd be mad at me."

"Why would I be mad at you?"

Dream seemed to bite the inside of his cheek as he contemplated his words for a moment. He then spoke,

"I think your heat triggered my rut.. I should've controlled myself, stepped away or something. But I, uh, I knotted you, George."

His hand ran down George's body, placing on top of his stomach,

"And you might even be pregnant now. I mean, I'd be surprised if you weren't, you really kept me in there for long. Even after passing out your body did not want to let me go."

George felt his cheeks grow hotter and hotter the more Dream spoke, his large hand pressing right above the spot where he'd felt him bulge out during the mating.

He agreed with him, there was a big chance he'll be carrying his babies now.

But that's also something he really wanted.

He felt a flutter of excitement at just the mention of it, tingles running up his spine at the thought, making him push his cheek against Dream's chest.

"I'm not mad at you, Dream."

He mumbled, his tail softly curling around Dream's wrist.

Dream's gaze was downcast for a moment as he let George's words linger in the air for a bit. And George almost began to worry he was the one feeling regret about them mating.

But then he spoke again,

"I think you're my true mate, George."

He let out a soft huff, adding,

"Actually, I'm pretty positive. I'm about ninety nine percent sure, honestly."

"What?"

George breathed, but as Dream spoke the words he felt a strange feeling in his very gut, something that caused goosebumps to appear along his entire body.

It felt... right.

"Yeah. I've been feeling it ever since we first met, how I immediately felt this possessive, protectiveness over you, and the way your scent felt so... right, to me."

For some reason, it made George tear up listening to him, quickly averting his gaze to make sure the alpha wouldn't catch it. Feeling his large, comforting hand run up his arm and pushing up his neck, thumb brushing the sensitive bite mark that rested there.

But he couldn't help but think that Dream was right. He'd felt a strange pull towards him ever since he entered his life, and his mind had barely allowed him to think of much else ever since. It was something he'd never experienced with any other alpha.

And his scent was so insanely comforting to him, it felt so... right.

"Do you think I'm your true mate, George?"

Dream asked softly, clearly wanting to hear they're on the same page.

George felt his face heat up, finding it hard to speak of such mushy things.

“Maybe.”

He mumbled, avoiding Dream’s gaze.

But thinking about it, it was almost ridiculous how obvious it was that Dream was his true alpha. Which made his head spin slightly, as he never fully believed there actually was such a thing, or that he’d find him.

Cause what’re the odds that you run into the one person the universe created to be your perfect fit? He could’ve been born on the other side of the planet with an entire ocean between them and the chances of their paths crossing would’ve been near zero.

But here he was. His true alpha. His true mate.

It made him feel all warm just thinking about, a pride in his chest from the fact that they’d mated. He couldn’t help but smile.

“What’re you thinking about, George?”

Dream asked as he threaded his fingers through his hair again.

George sighed,

“Nothing.”

He mumbled, before sitting up. Stretching his arms above his head before looking around himself. Grabbing one of Dream’s hoodies to put it on. Feeling a bit gross as he was covered in dried up cum and slick.

He then got out of bed, and immediately stumbled as his legs buckled below him.

He was quick to catch himself, his head spinning slightly as he felt Dream immediately grab his arm, acting on quick reflexes to help him.

“You okay?”

Dream asked, making George huff softly, shaking off the slight dizziness. He’s usually a bit weak and disoriented after a heat, but this one hit a bit harder than what he’s used to.

“I’m fine, Dream.”

He mumbled, feeling a bit flustered at the state he’d been put in by the alpha. Throwing a glance at him before slipping out of his grasp, walking over to his computer setup.

His heart sped up slightly as he turned on the computer screen, unsure of what he was about to see.

“How long did we stream for?”

He asked, gaze roaming the screen as his browser loaded.

“I stopped it sometime after you fainted. They really didn’t want me to, though. They kept spamming the chat saying ‘don’t end’, like it was really weird.”

George scoffed,

“Maybe you shouldn’t have ended, then.”

He mumbled, clicking a few times to see his statistics on how many live views the stream had reached.

He heard Dream go,

“What?”

Under his breath, clearly not understanding the relationship between George and his audience, and how they’re used to him fainting and such.

But instead of answering Dream, George’s attention was stolen by the statistics before him. It rendered him speechless for a moment.

The stream had peaked at a little over 500k live viewers. He couldn’t believe the numbers, it was absolutely insane to him.

Sure, he had a few million followers, but he’d never had that many of them watching live all at once.

The vod itself had reached a few million views at this point, but he was absolutely blown away at how many had seen it live, as it was all happening.

“Five hundred thousand people, Dream.”

He got out, turning to look at the alpha.

“What?”

Dream said, confused by what he was talking about.

“Five hundred thousand people watched us mate, live.”

Dream’s eyes widened for a moment, gaze dropping.

It was hard for them both to wrap their heads around, a whole sea of people watching them have one of the most intimate moments of their lives.

“Holy cow...”

Dream mumbled, looking at George.

“I know right.”

The omega said as he got out of his seat to find his phone by the nightstand. Turning it back on after it had been off during his heat.

Feeling excited to check his social medias, see what people had to say about the stream. Were they mad at him for it? Did they think he’d picked the right mate? Was he gonna lose or gain followers after this?

He personally felt no regrets over the mating, surprisingly enough. He thought his desires to mate with Dream was only heat pheromones, but now when it was done he knew it hadn’t been just that.

Dream was his true mate. The one alpha he was meant to be with.

His phone buzzed in his hands as it started up, making him look down at the screen. Typing in his code to unlock the SIM card before finally having his phone back.

Then, the messages came through. All the stuff that had been waiting as the phone was off, hitting all at once.

Sapnap had called him, over and over again. Along with tons of messages.

He’d received a whole bunch of tweets as well, so many people reaching out to him about the mating stream as if it had been this huge event.

Which, it technically had been.

George decided to check Sapnap's messages first, scrolling through about fifty of them. Watching him get progressively more stressed as the stream went on. Clearly, he was trying to put a stop to it.

George scoffed, reading a message that said,

'WHY DO YOU HAVE TO BE SUCH A BITCH IN HEAT???'

He glanced at Dream, watching the alpha lay there with his eyes shut again. Seeming quite tired, still.

"Dream."

George mumbled.

"What?"

The alpha answered without opening his eyes.

"I think we're gonna have to go talk to Sapnap."

.

"You're an absolute dumbass, George. Why didn't you guys tell me this was gonna happen? Do you know how many sponsorships I've had lined up for your mating stream?"

George groaned as he sunk into his seat, facing Sapnap who sat across the conference table from him.

"Sapnap--"

"No, I'm serious, George! You've thrown away so many opportunities now on this impulse decision. Just cause you were a bitch in heat."

Dream sat up next to George, nearly growling at Sapnap's words.

"Don't talk to him like that."

He said in George's defense, his alpha pheromones growing a bit spicier as he got angry.

It made George feel all warm and protected, tipping his head slightly to the side towards Dream.

Sapnap faintly rolled his eyes at the alpha's anger. But he also knew not to talk back as he shouldn't mess with a newly mated alpha and their omega. They can be nearly dangerous at that stage, the protective pheromones from the mating process still running strong throughout their bodies.

"Can I talk to George alone for a minute?"

Sapnap asked Dream, making the alpha's brows knit.

"Why?"

"Yeah, why can't Dream be here?"

George said, taking his alpha's side.

"Cause I want to talk to you, George."

Sapnap said, trying to send him heavy signals to send the alpha away.

George held his gaze for a moment, as if trying to get what he was getting at. He then huffed, mumbling,

"Fine."

Before turning to Dream.

"Go outside for like five minutes or something."

Dream's gaze shifted between the omega and Sapnap, seeming uneasy about leaving his newly mated omega's side. But he soon stood up, mumbling,

"Fine. I'll be outside, then."

Before heading towards the door.

The moment the door closed behind the alpha, Sapnap turned to George.

"So how much are we suing him for?"

George almost laughed at his manager's words.

“What?”

“It’s in the contract, he broke it. He knotted you, George. We need to sue his ass.”

George scoffed,

“I’m not suing Dream, Sapnap.”

“Why not? Do you have any idea how much this is gonna fuck with your career? And mine? Being unmated is your whole fucking brand!”

“It’s not my whole brand...”

George mumbled defensively. Although he did worry himself that Sapnap was right about that. Would people care to tune in now when he’s been mated? Has he lost his spark, the one thing people follow him for?

“But you know this will have an impact, right?”

Sapnap asked, making George sigh.

“Yes. I know, Sapnap.”

Sapnap sighed as he leaned back in his seat, grabbing his pen to flick it against the table a few times as silence filled the space between them.

Sapnap then spoke again,

“Listen, George, I guess I’m fine with you guys mating or whatever, but you should’ve told me this was the plan before doing it. As your manager, I need to know these things.”

George could tell his manager wasn’t actually mad, it was probably just frustrating to him from a business perspective.

George sighed, feeling a slight frustration over it himself. Missing out on a chance to get money was something that would always bother him.

“I know, Sapnap.”

“So, are you happy with this decision then, George?”

Sapnap then asked, glancing at him. Looking a bit uncomfortable as he braced himself for mushy talk about the alpha George had just mated with.

George nodded, glancing over at the door with a small smile dancing on his lips.

“I am.”

He mumbled, feeling content with who he’d chosen to mate with despite missing out on the sponsorships. Besides, he might just get pregnant from this, which would be more valuable to him than any sponsorship.

“As long as you’re happy, I guess.”

Sapnap mumbled, clearly feeling a bit bothered over the sponsorship deals lost. But he’d get over it.

A knock on the door interrupted the two, making them both look over at the door, which opened before any of them could say anything.

“Can I come back in yet?”

Dream asked as he peeked his head inside, making George press his lips together as he tried not to laugh at the sight of him. He was just so... cute.

“I guess.”

Sapnap mumbled, giving a shrug. Seeming like he’d said most of what he wanted to say in private to George.

Dream shut the door behind himself before walking over to take his seat next to George again.

“What were you guys talking about?”

“Sapnap is bothered about the missed sponsorships since I didn’t tell him we were gonna do a mating stream.”

George said, watching his alpha sit down next to him, which strangely comforted him right away. It felt like someone had suddenly wrapped a warm blanket around him, and he could relax his tense shoulders.

“Well, it’s not like he needs the money though. I’ll make sure he’s taken care of.”

Dream defended, placing a hand on the back of George's chair.

Sapnap huffed, looking at the two of them. Noticing how content George seemed as soon as the alpha got back, like a happy cat curled up to their owner. He was surprised the hybrid wasn't full on purring.

"But is there any chance we could get some of those sponsors on my pregnancy reveal stream instead?"

George asked, still wanting some of that sponsorship money.

Dream looked at him, offense written over his face,

"George!"

The omega turned to look at him,

"What?"

"You're already trying to exploit our unborn child- what's wrong with you?!"

George scoffed faintly, trying to ignore the truth to his words.

"But it could work. Possibly."

Sapnap said, taking George's side.

"Do you think we could stream the birth as well? That might get even higher views than the mating itself. Do you think anyone's done that before?"

George said, sitting up straight as he got excited over the idea.

"George- no, stop! You're an idiot."

Dream said, trying to put a stop to the insanity. He was not gonna stand there managing a livestream full of strangers as his omega gives birth to their joint miracle. He wanted to be as present for that event as possible, and have it be private.

George laughed at that, swatting at Dream,

“I’m just kidding, you silly goose.”

Dream let out a toneless scoff, not amused in the slightest.

“But you’re still doing a pregnancy reveal stream, right?”

Sapnap asked, pulling out a pen and notepad as George nodded.

“We don’t even know if you’re pregnant yet, George.”

Dream said, glancing at the omega.

George looked at him, locking their gazes, a serious look on his face.

“Then make me pregnant.”

Dream huffed, feeling a bit lightheaded just then from the demand. Picturing for a split second folding George over the conference table and giving him exactly what he was asking for right then and there.

“You’re doing that soon, right? The pregnancy reveal stream.”

Sapnap asked as he began writing stuff down so he wouldn’t forget which sponsors to contact.

George looked at his manager,

“Yeah. I should be showing soon since hybrids are only pregnant for four months or so.”

That was brand new information to Dream. Making him glance down at his stomach, trying to see if there was a visible bump there already. Feeling a bit excited for when it would start to show.

“Will it be hybrid kittens, then?”

He asked, feeling his heart clench at just the thought.

George looked at him,

“Yes.”

A soft smile blossomed across Dream’s lips, putting a shine to his gaze.

George was the first hybrid he’d ever met, and he couldn’t get over how cute he was. Just looking at him melted his very heart. He couldn’t even imagine how cute their babies would be, small kitten hybrids. He felt faint just thinking about holding one within the palm of his hand.

“Is that a problem, Dream?”

George then asked, tilting his head slightly to the side.

“Uhh, no. Not at all.”

Dream said, his hand moving to rub George’s arm lovingly.

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George stepped away from his computer as he saw the chat begin to go fast with messages, greeting the omega as he’d just started the stream.

He kept his gaze on his own reflection at the bottom of the screen, turning his body to the side before pushing his belly out to make it look like he had a baby bump. His hand placing on top of it as he raised his brows and opened his mouth in a wide ‘O’, putting on a shocked expression. Holding that position as he looked at the camera.

“What’re you doing, George? You look ridiculous.”

Dream mumbled, glancing up at him from where he was laying on the bed behind him.

“I’m posing for a thumbnail.”

George answered, before changing his expression slightly. Pointing one finger at the pretend bump on his stomach as he held his other hand on top of it.

“What?”

Dream said, gaze lifting from his phone to travel over to the computer.

“Oh. Are you live?”

George scoffed, as if it was obvious.

“Yes.”

He answered, walking back over to the computer where he sat back down.

“I’m doing a pregnancy reveal stream.”

He said as his gaze rested on the chat, watching the messages go by quickly.

“Oh, what? Really? How?”

Dream asked, sitting up slightly.

“Mmh, yes, how will we find out, Dream..?”

George said, putting on a slightly teasing voice as he pulled a matching expression at the camera.

“You’re an idiot- did you take a test or something?”

Dream asked, looking around for said test.

“Maybe. I don’t know, we’ll find out soon.”

George said, teasing the audience mostly. He then glanced over his shoulder to look at Dream,

“Are you ready to find out if you’re gonna be a dad, Dream?”

Dream huffed,

“Well, I’m already your da- actually never mind, that sounds weird.”

George scoffed at his words, shaking his head softly as he looked back at the screen again, a soft pink hue settling on his cheeks.

He struggled to keep his leg still under his desk, feeling impatient to look at the results of the test. He couldn’t wait to find out if Dream had actually successfully bred him or not. If he was currently pregnant with his babies.

His hand found his stomach as he thought about it, placing his palm on top of it in a warm, loving gesture. Sighing softly as he fantasized about his belly growing ten sizes larger as he’d carry around Dream’s babies.

He’d be the happiest omega alive, pregnant and content. He couldn’t think of one single thing he wanted more in the entire world.

Dream got up from the bed as George's gaze rested on the fast going cat, the alpha walking over to where he was sat. He then placed his two large hands on George's shoulders, massaging them slightly as he looked over the desk in front of him.

"So where's the tests?"

George leaned into his touch, a soft purr escaping him as his tail brushed up against Dream's forearm.

"What tests?"

He teased, making Dream scoff.

The alpha then spotted a white plastic bag on the far end of the desk.

"Are they in there, George? In that bag?"

George gave a shrug.

"Maybe."

"George! I'm being serious. Is that the tests or not?"

Dream said, taking one hand off his shoulder to peek into the bag.

Right as he caught the glimpse of a pregnancy test, George swatted his hand away from the bag.

"Don't look, Dream!"

"Okay, so those are the tests, then?"

George huffed,

"Yes."

"So how are you doing this, did you take them already?"

“Yes.”

Dream’s gaze was locked on the bag, intrigued by it as he put both hands back on George’s shoulders.

“So when are we looking at them?”

“I don’t know.”

George mumbled softly, his gaze flickering to the screen as a large donation came through. The small, happy cat dancing as money rained over it.

‘\$100 donation from UrBigDaddy: if it’s negative I’ll finish the job for him, baby. Let a real alpha take care of you.’

George read it silently to himself, scoffing faintly. Hoping Dream hadn’t seen it, but that hope died quickly as he felt the alpha’s grip on his shoulders tighten.

He’d seen it.

“Oh yeah? I’m so sure you’re such a real alpha as you’re sat there donating to a mated omega. Fuck off. Your dick is probably not even two inches long.”

Dream spat out, making George give out a flustered laugh, one hand going up to his face to rub his cheek as he felt content, warm and protected with his alpha there.

He then felt Dream removing one hand from his shoulders as he leaned over him, grabbing the computer mouse. Finding the guy in the viewers list before pressing the button to ban him.

“Oh my god...”

George mumbled under his breath, feeling Dream place his hand back on his shoulder again as he leaned back.

“Yeah. I banned him. Now he can’t watch your streams anymore. He’s gonna be sat there with his small little dick being sad he didn’t get to finish because a real alpha kicked him the fuck out.”

George’s eyes were lit up with joy as Dream was cursing out this guy, shifting slightly in his seat as he felt turned on by it. Some slick pooling below him, making him give out a faint, flustered sound. A small, proud smile dancing on his lips as he basked in his alpha’s behavior and the slight spiciness in his scent.

Dream kept reading George's chat, watching a whole bunch of them disagreeing with his behavior, and how he didn't get to have a claim on George just because they're mated. It seemed his audience had grown quite possessive over the omega, and many were living in some sort of delusional states where they seemed to think George was their mate.

"None of you are actually mated to him, he chose me and he wants me. Only me."

Dream defended against them, whilst George sat there with a smile dancing on his lips, enjoying the whole thing to the fullest.

The sound of a large donation then came through, and they both looked at it,

'\$200 donation from: YourTrueAlpha: just say the word and I'll come over there and breed you myself, George. Finish the job properly. The test is negative.'

The smile on George's lips grew as he read it, solely from the fact that he knew Dream was absolutely boiling inside reading that.

"You know what? I'm not even gonna ban you. You're so fucking pathetic, I want you to watch this, actually."

Dream said, sounding pissed off. He then pulled away from George, taking one step back as he mumbled,

"Stand up, George."

The omega looked back at him,

"Why?"

"They keep saying I didn't finish the job, let's finish the job."

George's eyes lit up, the blush on his cheeks darkening as he mumbled,

"Oh my god..."

Under his breath. Standing up from his chair to then push it to the side.

Dream immediately approached him, one hand grabbing the omegas wrists, pinning them behind

his back as his other hand placed on the very middle of his back, using it to push the hybrid forward and bend him over the desk.

It made George moan as he followed his lead, pressing his cheek against the cooling surface of the desk as he was held down against it.

He then felt Dream push up the hoodie George was wearing, which was another one he'd stolen from the alpha. He then grabbed the tight shorts the omega was wearing. George expected him to yank them off, but instead he felt Dream release the grasp on his wrists, using both hands to grab at the fabric of his shorts, tearing them apart and revealing his entrance.

George moaned at the feeling of it, feeling even more slick start to build up by his hole. Pushing his ass up slightly as the alpha tore at the fabric to make the hole big enough for him to access the omegas actual hole.

He then began to rub his fingers between the omega's crack, before stopping at his entrance. Pushing two fingers inside of him all at once, making George's breath hitch at the sudden painful stretch.

"Oh. Why are you so wet?"

Dream said, having not expected him to be that slicked up. Rubbing his fingers around as if curiously exploring his insides.

George whined as he felt his cheeks grow hotter, pressing his forehead against the desk. His legs buckling slightly below him from having the alpha's fingers push inside of him. He then felt the alpha spank his left asscheek, making him moan.

"Do you like it when I yell, or something, George?"

Dream asked, making George give out a flustered sound as he felt exposed. That had been the exact reason for why he'd gotten all hot and bothered just now.

"Dream..."

He got out, one of his hands scraping against the surface of the desk.

He felt Dream push his fingers deep inside of him, almost as if looking to see if there was a growing litter in there or not. He then pulled his fingers out, before placing both of his large hands on the omegas ass, covering it completely.

"You wanna check the tests before I rail you, George?"

He then asked, making George huff faintly.

“No..”

He mumbled, wanting to drag it out as long as possible. Also to get as many views on his stream as he could. Milk it for all he could.

“Alright.”

Dream said, moving his hands to undo his pants, pulling his dick out. The sound of his zipper making George’s ears flicker as he felt an excited rush go through him.

He then felt the alpha rub the tip of his dick against his left asscheek before slapping it against his ass, which made the omega push back up into it with a soft moan.

Dream placed one firm hand at the very base of George’s spine, holding him in place as he guided his dick towards his entrance with his other hand. Rubbing the head between his cheeks and getting it drenched in the omegas slick, teasing him for a moment. He then mumbled,

“Call out for me, George.”

His gaze flickering to the screen to see the chat still going fast. The viewers staying at around 370 000.

George brought one of his arms forward to bury his face into his forearm, a shaky moan escaping him before he called out,

“Daddy...”

Dream seemed pleased to hear it, glancing at the camera as he mumbled,

“Oh yeah? And who’s your daddy? Tell them, George.”

George gave a flustered groan, mumbling,

“You, Dream...”

Feeling his cheeks burning from speaking those words, another flustered sound escaping him as he kept his forehead pressed against his arm.

“Somebody clip that, send it to that idiot who donated earlier.”

Dream said, sounding pleased with his omega.

George let out a flustered whine, that was then replaced by a moan as he felt the alpha grab onto the base of his tail, before thrusting his dick inside of him.

It was so much at once, it overwhelmed the omega. His legs buckling below him as he struggled to breathe, feeling the alpha fill him up to the point of it almost being too much for him to handle. A light, strained sound escaping him before he bit into his forearm to silence himself.

He felt the alpha keep that strong grip on his tail as he kept pushing deeper inside of the tight space, making the omegas eyes roll back. Drool pooling at his forearm as he kept biting into it, muffled sounds brushing against his skin.

“Don’t silence yourself, George.”

Dream mumbled under his breath, wording it like an order. Making George tear himself away from the soothing feeling of practically sucking on his own skin, a string of saliva following as he turned his head to the side instead, resting his cheek against the small pool of drool on his arm. A soft moan escaping him as he felt the alpha pick up a pace of going in and out of him.

“How’s this for a ‘real alpha’? Listen to how he’s taking my dick right now. He loves it.”

Dream said as he looked at the stream, clearly directing his words to the annoying guy who’d donated earlier, who claimed he’d finish the job.

Those words really annoyed Dream. He’d done a great job of breeding the omega, he knew there was no way that test could be negative. His only worry was that they’d have a whole litter of six or seven babies on their hands soon. He wasn’t sure how many the omega was gonna produce after the load he left him with during his heat.

He thrust in a bit deeper, harder. Listening to the omega cry out softly in response, his whole body shaking slightly.

“You like that, baby?”

Dream asked, glancing at the camera. Wanting to put on a show for the weirdos who were watching. Showing them who George actually wanted, and how well he took care of his omega.

George hummed in response, making Dream do another hard, deep thrust into him.

“Answer me properly, George.”

George moaned, glancing back at him,

“Or what?”

Dream huffed, picking up his speed just to wipe that smug look off of George's face. Making the omega's eyes roll back as he let out another needy sound, pushing his forehead back against his forearm.

"You're such a little brat, George. I should buy you a shock collar or something for every time you're disobedient."

George cried out from those words alone, feeling himself close to coming. Clenching around the alpha as slick was constantly gushing out of him, dripping down his torn up shorts and pooling at the floor below them as the alpha kept thrusting in and out of him. The wet sounds from the thrusting loud in the room.

Dream then moved his hand from his tail to place at the back of his neck, grabbing onto him hard before pulling him up by the grip on his neck. Treating him like some newborn kitten.

George went along with the movements, feeling the alpha move his hand to the front of his neck as he held him flush to his chest, making the omega swallow hard as he was almost choking him.

The alpha then placed another hand on his belly, placing right where his dick was once again visibly poking through. Rubbing the small bulge with his hand as he stayed like that for a moment, dick lodged deep inside of the omega.

George felt tears gather behind his closed eyelids, whining softly as one hand went up to place over the hand Dream had on his neck. Feeling the alpha roll his hips slightly to move around inside of him, probably poking at the litter of babies he'd left there.

"See this? See how deep inside of him I am?"

Dream said as he showed the stream, pointing at where his dick was bulging out in his belly.

"There's no way you could do that with your small, incompetent dick."

Dream said, directing his words once again to the guy who'd donated previously.

"Fucking beta."

He then added, making George moan as his legs shook below him.

He couldn't get enough of the alpha's swearing and aggressive talk, it was driving him insane. He could listen to it all day, but it would probably end up with his entire room turning into a swimming pool of slick.

Dream thrust a bit deeper inside of him, making George groan as he was already so insanely deep. Worrying for a moment he'd actually break through his skin, poke out of his belly.

Dream then began to move again, thrusting in and out of him in a fast pace as he moved the hand he had around his neck to push two fingers into the omega's mouth, making him suck on the digits as he moaned around them.

"Think you can still get pregnant with more than what you already have in here, George?"

Dream asked, rubbing at his belly where he should already be carrying a litter.

George moaned around his fingers, feeling clueless but dying to find out.

Dream turned his head to whisper into George's ear, keeping his gaze locked on the camera.

"I guess we're gonna have to find out, see if your body can carry double triplets."

George cried out around his fingers, moving one hand up to push into Dream's hair. Feeling insanely close, struggling to hold himself up.

"Think you can handle that, George?"

Dream asked, making George nod as a tear spilled down his cheek.

"You're gonna be a good omega for me? Pregnant with all of my babies? They'll have cute little ears and tails, just like you."

George whined out, feeling Dream press his fingers against his tongue. His legs shaking below him as his eyes rolled back. The hand in Dream's hair tightening its grasp as he felt insanely close to his orgasm.

George's eyes opened as another large donation came through just then, his eyesight blurry from tears as he looked over at it, trying to read the text.

'\$100 donation by SuckItBaby: George doesn't even want you. Look at how he's struggling.'

Dream scoffed as he read the donation, making George feel faint as he braced himself for what he was about to spit back at the donator.

"He's struggling cause my dick is too big. I guess you wouldn't know what that looks like."

He then did one more hard thrust into the omega, making him whine as Dream glanced at the camera, adding,

"George doesn't even want you. Fucking idiot."

George moaned around his fingers, the swear that he'd out spat just then hitting him extra deep. His eyes rolling back as his entire body shook, feeling his orgasm hit him like a wave.

"Oh, fuck--"

Dream said, feeling George clench around his dick as he shook and cried out in his arms. Making the alpha pull his fingers out of his mouth, a string of saliva following as he moved his hand to wrap his arm around his chest. Holding him up as the omega went weak, struggling to hold himself up.

"Holy shit, I didn't know you were close, George."

Dream said, whilst the omega whined in his arms. One of his hands placing on Dream's secure forearm around him, his head tipping back. Feeling utter bliss shooting through his body, almost making him feel as if he was floating for a moment.

"Fuck, hold on,"

Dream mumbled next to his ear, trying to keep thrusting in and out of him but the omega was clenching around him so much it was hard for him to move.

He pushed George forward to lay on the desk again, one hand placed firmly on his back as he held him down.

"Let me finish real quick."

Dream mumbled, grabbing one of George's wrists to hold it behind his back, making the omega whine from the uncomfortable grip. Almost feeling like he was getting arrested.

As soon as that thought struck, he began to picture Dream actually dressed up in a cop outfit, throwing him on the ground and holding him down as he arrested him. Keeping his knee on his back as he yanked on his wrists to pull his arms behind his back, making the omega come from how roughly he handled him.

Perhaps he could ask Dream if they can do some role playing like that someday.

Just thinking about it made him rock back onto his dick, a needy moan escaping him as he struggled to remain conscious.

"Fuck, just a little bit more, baby. I'm almost there."

Dream said soothingly, knowing the omega was beyond spent at this point.

He then did three more thrusts, before finally doing one extra deep thrust and staying there. Warm cum spilling out inside of the omegas belly as the alpha groaned. One of his hands placing firmly on the desk next to George's body as the grip on the omega's wrist tightened. His load filling him up as his knot expanded, making George's eyes roll back as he enjoyed the feeling of it. His toes curling as he almost felt like coming a second time just then from that feeling alone.

Dream then finally finished, breathing heavy as he stayed there for a moment longer. Mumbling, "Fuck..."

Under his breath, something that made George whine softly.

His knot was so big the omega struggled to stay sane as it was lodged inside of him, stretching him out. Biting down on his bottom lip as he suppressed another whine from spilling out of him.

After remaining like that for a while, Dream's knot finally deflated back down, to the point where he could pull out of the omega. Some cum spilling out as he did so, dripping down onto the floor where George's slick was already pooling.

"You're definitely pregnant now, George. Holy shit."

Dream said, one hand placing on George's ass.

George gave out a flustered sound, feeling the air brush against the place where Dream had torn up his shorts. Mourning the loss of a good pair of shorts, but also feeling like he might actually prefer them this way.

He could always buy new ones, and Dream tearing them up was just about one of the hottest things he'd ever experienced.

He swallowed hard, trying to regain enough strength to pull himself off the desk. Feeling a bit lightheaded from the whole thing. And so, so full of cum.

He felt Dream use the hand he had on his ass to massage him slightly, running up his back. Tone softer as he said,

"Are you okay, George?"

George nodded, giving a faint attempt at a flustered laugh. Turning his head to press his cheek against his forearm,

"Yes."

He mumbled, looking back at Dream.

"Good."

Dream said, glancing up at the chat. He then looked at George again,

“You should kinda thank me now for giving you some more of my cum, George.”

George scoffed, tearing his gaze away from him. Humming softly as he pressed his hot cheek against his forearm,

“Thanks, daddy.”

He mumbled, making Dream’s eyes widen. He hadn’t actually expected him to thank him, had said it mostly as a joke.

“You’re welcome, George.”

He mumbled, rubbing his ass slightly.

George then finally gathered enough strength to stand up, groaning as he pushed himself back onto his feet. His legs buckling slightly below him, something that made Dream grab onto his arm to make sure he didn’t fall over.

George let out a slight giggle, pushing some hair out of his face.

“Oh my god...”

He mumbled, his hand going to his stomach. Rubbing it before turning to his side, showing the camera his profile.

“See? Look! I have a bump. Look, Dream! I’m pregnant.”

He said, showing off how full he was after Dream had filled him up with cum. His belly was inflated with it, making it look like he had a slight baby bump, which made him feel all proud and warm as he looked at himself.

“You’re such an idiot.”

Dream mumbled fondly, pressing a kiss to his forehead. Making George scoff softly before going to sit back down in his chair. Moving carefully with one hand on his belly as he sat down, acting as if he was actually pregnant.

“So are we ready to check the results?”

George then asked, looking at his chat that started spamming ‘yes’.

He turned to Dream, looking up at the alpha who stood next to him.

“Are you ready, Dream?”

“Yeah.”

Dream said, keeping one hand on the backrest of George’s chair.

“I’m ready.”

George let out an excited giggle, grabbing the white plastic bag to bring it forward. He then dug into it, blindly grabbing one of the tests he’d taken. Another excited noise escaping him as he felt his heartbeat pick up. Glancing up at Dream with a glint in his eye.

“Ready?”

He asked again, feeling a bit nervous.

“Yes.”

Dream said through a fond smile, watching George pull out the test.

The omega then looked at the test, trying to keep a poker face so his audience wouldn’t know what it said.

“What does it say?”

Dream asked, leaning over to read it. Adapting that same poker face George kept, the two of them sharing a look.

“Hmm.. okay. Interesting.”

Dream said, not giving anything away.

George looked at the camera, putting on a disappointed expression.

“Guys. It’s... positive!!”

As soon as he revealed the positive results, he broke into a big smile, unable to pretend any longer. Letting out a celebratory,

“Wooooo!!!”

“Let’s fucking gooo!!!”

Dream yelled, shaking his chair excitedly. Making George giggle happily, a warm blush on his cheeks as he pushed hair out of his face. Feeling so overjoyed he barely knew what to do with himself, giving out a strange rambling noise from sheer excitement.

“You’re pregnant, George!!”

Dream yelled, celebrating the results. His hands placing on the omega’s cheeks to then lean down and kiss his forehead, his nose, and his lips. He then peppered a few more kisses across his face, making George laugh uncontrollably as he swatted at him,

“Dream, stop!”

Dream pulled back, looking at him with so much love in his eyes.

“I can’t believe you’re pregnant, George.”

He said fondly, softly. Making George giggle happily, feeling overwhelmed below the loving gaze of the alpha.

He then turned to look at the chat again, seeing people spam a dancing cat emote that his subscribers had access to, everyone celebrating the results with them.

“I’m pregnant..”

George mumbled happily, rubbing his stomach proudly.

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End Notes

I think this is the longest fic I’ve posted on here hmmmmmmmmmm yeah yup might be probably also the smuttiest LMAO

I’ve been writing on this one for months now, and I’ve just kept adding to it as I’ve really enjoyed writing it. It feels strange being completely done with this story lmao. I have so many more ideas as well but I genuinely had to stop myself as it was getting too long and omegaverse does something to me, I get possessed and cannot stop writing..

So anyways I hope you enjoyed reading this, I at least enjoyed writing it ! It’s been a really fun one with one of my favorite concepts, cat hybrid George

But thanks sm for reading, I appreciate u all, and I hope you have the most amazing day<33^^

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!